

Scarronnides:

OR,

VIRGIL

TRAVESTIE.

A Mock-Poem,

On the

FIRST and FOURTH BOOKS

OF

VIRGILS ÆNEIS

in English; Barlesque.

Non minus est insigniter ineptum.

Rhm. Ep.

Printed by J. G. for the Author, in Great
the Well and



To the READER.

THE Reader is desired, for
the better comparing of the
Latine and English together,
to read on forward unto the en-
suing Letter of Direction, before
he compare the former with the
Original.



VIRGILE

ÆNEID.

- (a) **I** Sing of man, (read it who list,
A Trojan true as ever pist)
(b) Who from Troy Town, by wind and weather
To Italy, (and God knows whither)
Was packt, and wrackt, and lost, and tost,
And bounc'd from Pillar unto Post.
(c) Long wandred he through thick and thin;
Half roasted now, now wet to th' skin;
By Sea and Land; by Day and Night;
(d) Forc'd (as 'tis said) by the God's spite:
Although the wiser sort suppose
(e) 'Twas by an old Grudge of Juno's,
A Murrain cury all Curst Wives!
He needs must go, the Devil drives.
(f) Much suffer'd he likewise in War,
Many dry blows, and many a scar:

- (a) *Arma virumq; cano,* (b) *Troia qui primus ab oris*
Italiam fato profugus, Laviniaq; venit
Littora (c) *multum ille & terris gaudet & alto*
(d) *Vi Superum,*
(e) *Jova memorem, Iuponis ob iram*
(f) *Multa quoque & bello passus, dum cederet urbem*

(g)

A 2

Many

Many a Rap, and much ado
 At Quarter-staff, and Cudgels too,
 Before he could be quiet for 'um :
 (Pox of all Knaves, for I abhor 'um)
 But this same Yonker at the last,
 (All Brawls and Squabbles over-past)
 And all these Rake-hells over-come,
 (g) Did build a pretty *Grange* call'd *Rome*.

(i) But oh my Muse ! put me in mind,
 To which o'th' Gods was he unkind ?
 (k) Or what the Plague did *Juno* mean,
 (That cross-grain'd, peevish, icolding Quean,
 That scratching, cater-wawling Puls)
 (l) To use an Honest Fellow thus ?
 (To curry him like Pelts at Tanners)
 (m) Have Goddesses no better manners ?
 (n) A little Town there was of Old,
 Thatcht with good Straw to keep out Cold,
 Hight *Carthage*, which (if not bely'd)
 Was by the *Tyrians* occupy'd ;
 (o) The lustiest Carles all thereabouts,
 Rich Chuffs, and very sturdy Louts.

————— (g) *atque alta moenia Roma.*

(i) *Musa mihi causas memora ; quo Numine laeso :*

(k) *Quidve dolens Regina Deum ; (l) tot volvere casum
 Insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores*

Impulerit ? (m) tantane animis caelestibus ira ?

(n) *Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrisi rehere Coloni,
 Carthago* —————

————— (o) *studitis asperissima belli ;*

(p) Now

(p) Now this same *Carthage* you must know,
Juno did love out of all *whoe* :

There are alive that yet will swear it,
 No Village like it, no place near it :

(q) Except a place (forsooth) that's famous
 For her own Birth, a Farm call'd *Samos* ;
 Here she her Trinkets kept, and odd things,
 Her Needles, Poking-sticks, and Bodkins ;
 And here, (in house which her own Key locks)

(r) She us'd to keep her Coach and Peacocks.

This place then mainly pleas'd her humor :

(s) But she had heard a scurvy rumor ;
 That *Trojans*, arm'd in Coats of Chamlet,
 Should one day overthrow her Hamlet ;
 Plunder her Chests, Joynt-stools and Tables,
 And burn her Cow-houses and Stables.

(t) She fearful of this sad Prediction,
 (Which prov'd a true one, and no Fiction)

(u) And mindful of her injur'd Honour,
 When *Paris* gave the Apple from her ;

(p) *Quam Juno feritur terris magis omnibus unam*

(q) *Posthabita coluisse Samo ; (1) hęc illius arma,*
Hęc curtus fuit ;

(s) *Progeniem sed enim Trojano à sanguine duci*
Audierat, Tyrias olimque verteret arces.

(t) *Id metuens,*

(u) *Necdum etiam causa iyarum, sævique dolores*
Exciderant animo ; manet altâ mente repostam
Judicium Parisi

Did many years bend her devotion,
 To drown *Æneas* on the Ocean;
 And many a slippery trick she play'd him,
 Till *Jove* at last o're Sea convey'd him;
 (w) So hard it is, where an old Grutch is,
 To get out of a Womans Clutches.

Æneas had not been o'th' water
 Above an hour, or such a matter;

Nor further row'd, then we may rate
 'Twixt *Parsons-Dock* and *Billingsgate*,
 Or say betwixt *Dover* and *Calice*,
 (x) When *Juno* (full of her old Malice)
 Thus with her self began to mutter,
 Cannot I drown these Crows i'th' Gutter?
 Must they go on fearing no Colours?
 And cannot I squander their Scullers?
 Must these same *Trojan* Rascals nose me,
 (y) Because the *Fates* (forsooth) oppose me?
 (z) *Pallas* could burn Wherries, and Gallies,
 And clatter *Mortals* Bones like Tallies:
 (a) But I, *Jove's* Sister, and his Wife,
 Can do no Mischief for my life.

(w) *Tanta molis erat Romanam condere gentem
 Vix è conspectu Siculae telluris in altum*

Vela dabant lati, & spumas salis æve ruebant;

(x) *Cum Juno aeternum servans sub pectore vulnus,
 Hac secum; Mene incepto desistere victam?*

(y) *Quipp' vetor satis! (z) Pallasne exurere classem
 Argivum potuit?* —————

(a) *Ast ego, qua Divam incedo Regina, Jovisque
 Et Soror, & Conjux, una cum gente tot annos
 Bella gero* —————

(b) *Juno*

(b) *Juno* enrag'd, and rettring thus,

(c) Runs me unto one *Æolus* :

This *Æolus*, as Stories tell us,
 Could backward blow like a Smiths Bellows ;
 A Day, a Week, a Moneth together,
 And by his farting, make foul weather :
 Blow Men, and Trees, and Houses down ;
 Great Ships, and almost Fishes drown.
 He was, in fine, the loud'st of Farters :
 Yet could command his hinder quarters,
 Correct his Tail, and only blow,
 If there occasion were, or so :

(d) Whom *Jove* observing to be so stern,
 In the wise conduct of his Postern,
 He made him King of all the Puffers,
 Which he (because he knew them Huffers)
 Durst nowhere venture, I must tell ye,
 But in the Caverns of his Belly :
 Which having but one Postern-Gate
 For these mad Boys to sally at,
 He might the faster peg them in,
 And by the plucking out a Pin,
 Then (at his ease) *Arising* about,
 To any Quarter, let them out,

(b) *Talia flammato secum Dea code volutans,*

(c) *Æoliam venis : hęc vasto Rex Æolus antro
 Luctanteis ventos tempestateſque ſonoras
 Imperio premit.* —————

(d) *sed Pater omnipotens* —————

————— *regemque dedit, qui ſedere cerro
 Et premere, & laxas ſcires dare juſſus habenas,*

(e) To this same King, Queen *Juno* posited,
And thus in flatt'ring Terms accosted.

(f) Thou mighty King, whose potent sway
The Lawless *Blust'ers* do obey ;
Whose nod the stubborn't winds do dread ;
(Even although in *Scotland* bred,)

Thou, whose unruly Empire reaches
As far as the wide Compass stretches,
Hear a poor Queens Request, and say
Thou'lt do't ; for I must have no Nay.

(g) There are a few Tatter-de-malions
That (with a *pox*) would be *Italians*,
And into *Latium* now are going ,
With Oars, and Skulls, tugging and rowing ;
A Crew of drunken roaring Ruffins,
Lewd, wandering, sturdy Ragamuffins ;
Rascals, I hate, as I do Garlick,
And yet the Rogues are stout and warlike :

(h) If therefore, thou wilt smock these Roysters,
And sowse them all, like pickled Oysters,

(c) *Ad quem tum Juno supplex his vocibus usa est :*

(f) *Æne (namque tibi Divum pater atque hominum Rex
Et m-lcere dedit fluctus & tollere ventos)*

(g) *Gens inimica mihi Tyrreum navigat aquor,
Illum in Italiam portans.*

(h) *Incute vim ventis, submersasque obrue puppes,
Aut age diversas, & disjice corpora ponto.*

*Sunt mihi his septem præstanti corpore Nymphae :
Quarum, qua forma pulcherrima, Deïpeïam
Connubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo :*

There

There is a pretty Maid of Mine,
 Called *Die*, shall be thy Concubine.
Æolus hearkned to this Story,
 With no small Pride, no little Glory ;
 To have a Queen, so gay and trim,
 Come to request a Boon of him !
 But th' *Wench*, i'th' tail of the Preamble,
 Oh that ! That made his Bowels wamble.
 (And Wind you know (under Correction)
 Is a main Causer of Ejection)
 He, listning stood, wrigling, and scraping,
 But durst not bow, for fear of scaping ;
 Until at last, with Cap in hand Sir,
 (i) He thus return'd with modest Answer.
 O Queen (quoth he) my thanks are real,
 That you will use your Servant *Æol* :
 And should I not pay your Civility,
 To th' utmost of my poor Ability,
 Who are great *Joves* Sister and Wife,
 It were e'ne pity of my Life.
 I'll play these Rake-hells such a Hunts up ,
 Shall make them glad to turn their Rumps up.
 Say you no more, the Thing is done ;
 I'll drown 'em ev'ry Mothers Son.
 But since your Grace is nice of smelling,
 I wish you were at your own dwelling ;

(i) *Æolus hæc contra : Tunc ô Regina quod optes
 Explorare labor ; mihi iussa cap. sere fas est.
 Tu mihi quodcunque hoc regni, in sceptra jovesq;
 Concilias*

There's

There's Reason for't (saving your favour)

For truly (Madam) I shall favour.

But I beseech your Grace, in no wise

Forget the *Woman*, that you promise.

Juno at that, away does goe

As swift as Arrow out of Bow,

And in less while, then I am speaking,

Was got as high, as top of * *Reking* :

No bigger now then School-boys Kite,

And now clean vanish out of sight.

Æol, who all this while stood gaping,

At her fine Peacocks gawdy-trapping,

Seeing her mount *Olympus* stair-case,

Began t'untruſts to ease his Carcase.

Twice belcht he loud from lungs of leather,

To call his roaring Troops together :

And twice (as who should say, We come)

They roar'd i'th' concave of his Womb :

(k) With that he turns his Buttock Seaward,

And with a Gibing kind of Nayword ;

Quoth he, Blind Harpers, have among ye ;

'Tis Ten to One but I bedung ye.

At that same word, lifting one leg,

And pulling out his trusty peg ;

(k) *Hæc ubi dicta, cauum conversa cuspide montem
Impulit in laeus, ac venit, velut agmine facto,
Qua data pora ruunt, & terras turbine perflant.
Incubere mari, totumque, à sedibus imis.*

(1) He let at once his General Muster
 Of all that ere could blow, or bluster ;
 And (like a Coxcomb) in his Tuel
 Left not one puff to cool his Gruel.
 Have you not seen below the Sphear
 A mortal drink call'd Bottle-Bear,
 How, by the Tapster when the Stopple
 Is ravish't from the teeming Bottle,
 It bounces, foams, and froths, and flitters,
 As it were troubled with the squitters ?
 Even so, when *Æol* pluckt the plugg
 From th' Muzzle of his double Jugg,
 The Winds burst out with such a rattle,
 As he had broke the strings that twattle.

Bounce cries the Port-hole, out they fly,
 And make the World dance *Barnaby* ;
 Throughout the Seas, and Coasts they wander ;
 One *Boreas* was their chief Commander ;
 A huffing Jack, a plund'ring Tearer,
 A vap'ring Scab, and a great Swearer.

This Fellow, and his boist'rous Rout,
 Finds me o'th' Sea, the *Trojans* out.

Æneas, and his Wandring Mates
 Were, at that time, angling for *Sprats* ;

(1) *Unde Eurysque Notatque ruunt, creberque procellis
 Africus, & vastos voluunt ad littora fluctus,
 Insequitur clamorque virum, stridorque rudentum.
 Eripiunt subito nubes cælumque diemque
 Teucrorum ex oculis, ponto nox incubat atra.
 Intonuere poli, & crebra micat ignibus æther,
 Prasentemque viris intentant omnia mostem.*

Think-

Thinking no harm, no more then we do,
 (For all was fine and fair to see to)
 When all o'th' sudden; who would think it!
 (By this good drink, I mean to drink it!)
 It grew so dark, that wanting light,
 They could not feel the Fishes bite;
 And strait ere one could say, What's this?
 The winds began to howl and hiss,
 And in the turning of a hand Sir,
 They grew so big, one could not stand Sir.
 Then followed Rain, Lightning, and Thunder,
 As the whole world would fly asunder.

Aeneas, hearing the winds threatning,
 * By the Lightning. And * seeing Monstrous Billows beating,
 Knowing they purpos'd to dispatch him,
 And that the *Haddock*s watcht to catch him,
 (m) Fell presently in a cold sweat,
 So sick he could not drink nor eat;
 'Twas all the World to Twenty Pound,
 He had not fall'n into a swoond;
 But by *Joves* favour being blest,
 With Guts in's head above the rest;
 Like to a cunning Chapman, He
 Made Virtue of Necessity,
 And in the midst of all Despairs,
 Thought it his best to fall to Pray'rs;
 (n) With woful heart, and blubber'd eyes,
 Lifting his *Muttonsits* to th'skies,

(m) *Extemplo Aeneas solvuntur frigore membra :*
 (n) *Ingemit, & duplicetendens ad sidera palmas*
Talia voce refert :

He

He therefore pray'd, O *Jupiter*,
 Either hear now, or never hear ;
 Now, now, thy Trusty *Trojans* cherish,
 Help now, or never, else we perish.
 (o) Could not *Tydides* at *Troy Town*
 Should he be hang'd, once knock me down?
 Nor yet the merry *Greek Achilles*,
 When he kill'd lusty *Hector*, kill These?
 And must we now be sent for Dishes,
 To Sharks, and such like greedy Fishes?

(p) Thus went he on with his Orisons,
 Which if you marke them well *were wise ones*,
 Now praying, now expostulating ;
 But he might e'en have held his prating ;
 For *Jove* if he had been more near him,
 The noise was such, could no wayes hear him :
 (q) The winds grew lowder still and lowder,
 And play'd their Gambals with a Powder ;
 Then, then indeed began the pudder,
 Here an Oar broke, and there a Rudder ;
 Here a Boat kicking on the Surges,
 And there one sinking in a *Gurges*.

————— (o) *o Danaum fortissime gentis*
Tydidæ, Mene Iliacis occumbere campis
Non potuisse, tuâque animam banc effundere dextrâ ?
*Sævus ubi *Æacidæ* telo jacet *Hector** —————

(p) *Talia jactanti, (q) stridens Aquilone procella*
Velum adversa ferit, fluctusque ad sidera tollit.
Franguntur remi; tum proa avertit, & undis
Dat latum ;

(r) Three

(r) Three Boats a Wind, call'd *Notus* Ruffels,
Upon a paltry bed of Muffels,

(s) And there did roaring *Eurus* dable ye,
In Quick-sand deep most lamentably.

(t) One Wherry that the *Lycians* carried,
And one *Orontes* never married,
Was just about the time of Dinner,
O're-whelm'd, and all the men within her.
Orontes, though he was confounded,
Yet very loath to be thus drowned;
Did all he could with might and main,
To have swom back to land again.

His skill he to the trial puts,
But could not do it for his Guts:
And therefore was souc't up for *Cod-fish*;
(I doubt he prov'd but very odd-fish.)

(u) Now might you see the *Trojans* trimming
Upon the Foaming billows swimming:
Sculls, Oars, and Stretchers, with their Benches,
Floating amongst the Rowling Trenches;

(r) *Tres Notus abreptas in saxa latentia torquet.*

(s) *Tres Eurus ab alto
In Brevia & Syrcis urget, (misérable visu)*

(t) *Unam, qua Lycios, fidumque vehebat Orontem,
Ipsius ante oculos, ingens à vertice Pontus
In puppim ferit, Excussit, pronusque Magister
Voluitur in caput. At illam ter fluctus ibidem
Torquet agens circum, & rapidum vorat aquare vortex.*

(u) *Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
Arma virum tabulaeque & Troja gaza per undas.*

Hate,

Hats, Caps, and Cassocks, Bands and Ruffs,
 (Indeed I think they wore no Cuffs)
 Balk-staves and Cudgels, Pikes and Truncheons,
 Brown-bread & cheese that swam by luncheons,
 With Treasure past all Mortals matching,
 That any man might have for fetching.

(w) In the mean time, this hurly-burly,
 That still increas'd more loud and furly,
 Rous'd *Neptune* with the strange Commotion,
 Who liv'd i'th' bottom of the Ocean.

This *Neptune* was of old a Fisher,
 And to *Aeneas* a well-wisher:
 'Cause on a time, *Venus*, that bore him,
 Spoke a good word to her Father for him,
 And made him for his good Conditions,
 King over all his Pools, and Fish-Ponds.

This Blade; when first he heard the Sea ring,
 Was pickling Pilchards, Sprats, and Herring:
 But at the noise he throws his Tray,
 Fishes, and salt, and all away.
 And taking up his three-forkt Trout-spear,
 (x) Hey, hey, (quoth he) what a brave rout's here!

(w) *Interea magna misceri murmure Pontum,
 Emissæque Hiem in sensu Neptunus, & imis
 Stagnare fusa vadis.*

(x) *Graviter commotus, & alio
 Prospiciens, summâ placidum caput exulit undâ.
 Disiectam Aeneæ totis videt aquore Classem,
 Fluitantem oppressos Troas calique ruinâ.
 Nec latere doli fratrem Junonis & ira.*

Under

Under his Armes he had two Bladders,
 By which he mounted without Ladders,
 And thrusting's head above the Water,
 Says, What a vengeance ho's the matter?
 Then seeing round how things were vary'd,
 And how the *Trojans* had miscarry'd;
 He strait began to smell a Rat,
 And soon perceiv'd what they'd be at:
 For he knew all *Juno's* contriving,
 And spite as well as any living.

Have you not seen upon a River
 A Water-dog, that is a Diver,
 Bring out his Mallard, and est-soons
 Be-shake his shaggy Pantaloon?
 So *Neptune* when he first appears,
 Shakes the salt Liquor from his ears,
 And made the Winds themselves to doubt him,
 He threw the Water so about him:
 Vext at the Plucks to see this clutter,
 He scarce could speak, but spurt and sputter;
 (y) Till beck'ning *Zephyrus*, and *Eurus*,
 He thus began in Language furious.
 How durst you Rogues take the opinion
 To vapour here in my Dominion,

(y) *Eurus ad se Zephyrumque vocat, dehinc salisfa-*
Tantane vos generis tenuit fiducia vestri, (tur.
Jam cælum Terramque meo sine Numine, Venti
Miscere, & tantas auderis tollere moles?
Quos ego; — sed motos praestat componere fluctus;
Pest mihi non simili pœna commissa luetis.

Without

Without my leave, and make a lurry,
That men cannot be quiet for ye!
Rascals I ſhall! --But well! go to,
I now have ſomething elſe to do:
If e'r again I catch you creaking,
'Tis odds I ſpoil your Bag-pipes ſqueaking.'

(z) And Sirrah, you there: Goodman * Blaſter, * Speak-
Go tell that farting Fool your Maſter, ing to B
That ſuch a whiſtling ſcab as he, rear him
Was ne'r cut out to rule the Sea; ſelf.

(a) But that it to my Empire fell;
Bid him go vapour in his Cell;
There let him puff and domineer,
But make no more ſuch ſoiſting here:
And for what's paſt, (if my aim miſs not)
I'll teach him fizzle in my Piſs-pot.

(c) Scarce had he bubbled out his Sentence,
But that they fled to ſhew repentance,
And he that erſt had made a din moit,
Now cry'd, The Devil take the hindmoſt.
Even as a flock of Geefe do flutter,
When crafty Reynard comes to Supper:
So nimbly flew away theſe Scoundrels,
Glad they had ſcap'd, and ſav'd their poundrels.

(z) *Maturate Fugam, Regique hac dicite veſtro;*
Non illi Imperium pelagi —————

(a) *ſed mihi ſorte datum. Tenet ille immania ſaxa,*
Vellras Euro domos. Illa (e) jaſſet in Aula
Æolus, & clauſo ventorum carcere regnet.

(b) *Siq' ait, & diſſo citius tumida aquora placat.*

B

(c) Now

(c) Now all was fair again and frolick,
 The Sea no more troubled with Cholick,
 The Sun shone bright, as on a *May-day*;
 Had there been grass, one might have made hay:
 But yet some Boats stuck on the Flats,
 Their men all dasht like Water-Rats;
Neptune at that his speed re-doubles,
 To ease them of their peck of Troubles:
 He thrust his *Muck-fork* in two faddom,
 Betwixt the Boats and that that staid 'um,
 And lifted them shier off as clever,
 As he had had a Crow or Leaver:
 Now Sirs (quoth he) you may go forward,
 And row, East, West, or South, or Norward.
 If the Rogues come again, I'll swill 'um;
 I love a Dog that comes from *Ilium*;
 And you *Aeneas* and your men,
 If e'r you come this way again,
 I hope you'll call, or I'll be sorry,
 I'll have a Dish of Lobsters for ye.
Aeneas who was gentle-hearted,
 Scrap'd him a leg, and so they parted.

They take their Sculls again and ply 'um,
 Hanging their Jerkins out to dry 'um:
 Away they cut as swift as Swallows,
 Plowing the Sea, as men do Fallows;

(c) *Collectasque fugat nubes, solemque reducit,
 Cymothoe simul & Triton adnixum acuto
 Detrudunt naveis scopulo; levat ipse Tridenti,
 Et vastas aperit Syrteis & temperat aquor.*

Till e'r a man could well tell Ten,
 Or go to th' door and back again,
 (d) They all as plainly saw the other
 Side, as we now see one another :
 Then there old tugging was, and pulling ;
 Never such plying and such sculling ;
 They whoop't and sung gladder and gladder ;
 I think *March-hares* were never madder.
 At last, all dangers notwithstanding,
 (e) They came unto a place of Landing ;
 A pair of Stairs they found, not Big Stairs ;
 Just such another pair as *Trigg Stairs* :
 Not made for Water-men, but Women .
 That use to come and wash their Linnen :
 There was old striving then, and thrusting,
 Which with their Sculler should get first in.
 Sirs (quoth *Æneas*) shew some breeding,
 Let's have no more haste than good speeding ;
 Have patience Gentles, I implore ye,
 And let your betters go before ye.
 With that they all gave place, and reason,
 It else had been no less than Treason :

————— (d) *Quæ proxima littora cursu
 Contendunt petere.*

(e) *Est in secessu longo locus ; Insula portum
 Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
 Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos.*

(f) Whilest our *Aeneas* at two leapings,
Set the first foot upon the steppings ;
Then all the rest came in a bundle,
As they would burst each others Trundle :
Weary they were, the Wind had douc't 'um,
And so they sate 'um down and lows'd 'um.

(g) After a while, a fellow knocks
Fire with a Steel and Tinder-box.
For each man had his Flint and Touch-wood,
The world besides could shew no such wood ;
Then sticks they gather, leaves and bryers,
And fall a making them good fires ;
Then Skellets, Pans, and Posnets put on
To make them Porridge without Mutton.

(h) In the mean time *Aeneas* got him
Up to a Hill, to look about him,
And as he there a while stood gazing,
(i) He saw some sheep below him grazing.

————— (f) *Aeneas collectis navibus omni
Ex numero subit ; ac magno telluris amore
Egressi optatâ Troes potiuntur arenâ,
Et sale tabentes artus in littore ponunt.*

(g) *Ac primum filici scintillam excudit Acharis,
Suscepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum
Nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flammam.
Tum Cererem corruptam undis, Cerealiaque arma
Expediunt, fessi rerum, frugesque receptas
Et torrere parant flammâ, et frangere saxo.*

(h) *Aeneas scopulum interea conscendit, & omnem
Prospexit laetè pelagû petit.*

————— (i) *tres libore ocellos
Prospicit Errantes* —————

(k) Oh

(k) Oh ho (quoth he) I'll ſoon be wy' ye,
Beſworn I'm glad at heart to ſee ye.

This ſaid, away my youth does go,
And fetches ſtrait a good Yew-Bow,
His Arrows under's Belt he ſticks too,
(For he could ſhoot at Butts and Pricks too)
His head he put a good Steel Cap on,
Be cauſe he knew not what might happen :
And thus as if he went to battle,
He goes to murder poor mens Cattle.

(l) His Arrow in the ſtring he nocks,
And ſhoots among the harmleſs Flocks ;
Theſe prov'd by chance to be the faireſt,
But he ſtill ſhot at that was neareſt.

(m) Seven Lordly Tups he wounded mortal,
The other ſhots he made, were ſhort all :
Theſe to his hungry Mates he luries,
(Pray what's his due that Mutton worries ?)

(n) Here lads, quoth he, here's ſides & haunches,
Fall to, and fill your empty paunches.

Scarce had he made an end of boaiſting,

(o) But ſome to boyling fell, ſome roaiſting ;

(k) *Conſtitit hic, Arcumque manu, celereſque ſagittas,*

(l) *Ductoresque ipſos. primum capita alia ſerentes
Cornibus arboreis ſternit.*

(m) *Nec primus abſiſtit quam ſeptem ingentia viſtor
Corpora fundit humi.*

(n) *Et ſocios partitur in omnes.*

(o) *Pars in ſinſtra ſecant, verubusque tremencia ſigunt,
Liſtore abena locant alii, flammaſque miniſtrant.*

'Twas soon enough, and to't they fall,
 They eat up Mutton, guts and all;
 Yet scarce could satisfie their hungers;
 These *Trojans* were such *Mutton-mongers*.

(p) There was by chance a *stoop* of Liquor,
 Cork't up in Bottles made of Wicker,
 Giv'n by my Hostess, I conceive,
 When first *Aeneas* took his leave:
 This drink (to make their feast the fuller)
Aeneas fetcht out of his Sculler,
 And like a man had something in him,
 Gave it as free as e'r 'twas gi'n him:
 Himself a Dish he first pour'd out,
 For fear it would not go about;
 Then stroaking up his whiskers greasie,
 He thus begins in words most easie.
 (q) Here Lads, have at ye, and be merry,
 W'are got at last, safe o're the Ferry;
 And though w'ave had but angry wark, yet
 Let's make the best of a bad market:
 To day let's drink, and hang to morrow,
 A grain of mirth's worth pounds of sorrow;

(p) *Vina bonus qua deinde cadis onerarat Acestes
 Littore Trinacrio, dederatque abeuntibus, Heros
 Dividit, & distis mœrentia pectora mulcet.*

(q) *O socii (neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum)
 O passi graviora, Dabit Deus his quoque finem:
 Vos & Scyllæam rabiem, penitusque sonantes
 Acestis scopulos; vos & Cyclopea saxa
 Experti* —————

(r) Be

(r) Be blith and jolly then, as may be,
Faint heart, you know, ne'r won fair Lady :
What though a while we fare but hardly,
Yet in the end does our reward lie :
We shall have Houses, Lands, and Doxies,
With dainty patches, where no Pox is :
And then all this, that seems t'undo us,
Will be but sport and pastime to us.

(s) Thus did this subtle Fornicator
Set a good Face on a bad matter ;
As who would make 'um understand
How pretty a fellow he was on's hand ;
When I (for all's brave n'all's) must tell ye,
His heart then panted in his Belly,

(t) Down glides his Ale over his pallat,
As glib as't had been Oyl of Sallet ;
And all the rest in their due order
Quafft till their Drink would go no further.

(u) Now having spent their drink and vittles,
They rise, and wipe their greasie *Thwittles*,

———(r) *Revocate animos, mæstumque timorem
Mittite ; forsan & hac olim meminisse juvabit.
Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata quietas
Ostendunt.*

(s) *Talia voce refert, curisque ingentibus æger,
Spem vultu simulat ; premit altum corde dolorem.*

(t) *Implentur veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ferina.*

(u) *Postquam exempta fames epulis, mensaque remota,
Amisos longo socios sermone requirunt.*

And stroaking them began to mind 'um
 Of those were left at Sea behind 'um :
 With that *Æneas* made a motion
 To climb the Hills, and look on th' Ocean,
 If from the Cliffs, and Promontories,
 They might espie their fellow Tories ;
 At that they went, some this, some that way,
 Some went not far, and some a great way ;
 Some whoopt, some hollow'd, and some shouted,
 (x) Some thought 'um safe, and others doubted ;
 Some laid their ears to ground in cunning,
 To list if they could hear 'um coming ;
 But all in vain, for none could spy 'um,
 They fear'd their friends, when none was nie
 At last by General Approbation, ('um,
 They lay'd 'um down, as was the fashion,
 And slept, being tyr'd with pains and feasting ;
 When Belly's full, Bones would be resting.

A sleep they lie snorting and snoring,
 With such a noise as made the shore ring,
 Or such a din as Dogs do utter,
 When they by night together clutter ;
 Snarling and swearing in lewd fashion,
 For Bitch of evil Conversation :
 (y) When *Jove*, who was belike at leisure,
 (Walking, or for his health, or pleasure)

(x) *Spemque metumque inter dubii, seu vivere credant,
 Sive extrema pati ;*

————— (y) *cum Iupiter aethere summo
 Despiciens mare velivolum terrasque jacentes,
 Littoraeque* —————

Look-

Looking about on ev'ry side him,
 (a) O' h' *Lybian* Coasts at last espy'd them,
 And said in merry kind of Japing,
 Indeed Sirs, have I ta'ne you napping?
 Scarce had he spoke, when all 'oth' sudden,
 Whilest he was on the *Trojans* stud'ing;
 Who should come there to do her duty,
 But *Venus* that was Queen of Beauty!

* See *Serv-
um upon
Virgil.*

* This *Venus* without counterfeiting,
 Was a fine Lais on's own begetting,
 Thou ne'r f' w't prettier in thy life,
 Although he had her not by's Wife,
 But by a Fish-wench he was kind to,
 And so she came in at the Window:
 Now *Venus* was *Aeneas*' Mother,
 And him she had by such another
 Roylter as *Jove* was, when on Groundsel,
 He and her mother met in Counsel;
 In the behalf then of her by-blow,
 Which had endured many a dry-blow,
 (a) She weeping came, sighing and throbbing,
 And hardly could she speak for sobbing:
 Until at last, with a fine Linning
 Wrought round with blew, of her own spinning
 Wiping her face with tears and snivel,
 She thus began in words most civil.

— (z) & *Lyb'æ defixis lumina Regis.*
 (a) *Atque illum tales jactantem jectare curas*
Tristior, & lacrymis oculos suffusa nitentes
Alloquitur Venus.

(b) O thou, of Gods, and men, the King,
That canst do any kind of thing ;
That past their wits dost Mortals frighten,
When thou or thunder do'st, or lighten :
What could *Æneas* do to thee ?

Who car'st a fart for no body ;

(c) Or the poor *Trojans*, what have they done,
That thus they still must Fools be made on,
And that thou wilt for no perswasions
Let them go follow their occasions ?

(d) I'm sure you promis'd me, and swore it,
(Ev'n let who can forgive you for it)
That you would make 'um, This, and That,
Kings, Captains, and I know not what ;
And that out of your Bounteous Givings,
They should have all both Lands and Livings,
And all live well in *Italy* :
But I perceive 'twas all a lye.

(e) *Jove* (stroaking up his great Mustachoes)
Smil'd for to see her so out-ragious,
(For had she broke a Pot, or Platter,
He could not well be angry at her,

— (b) O qui res hominumque Deumque
Æternis regis Imperiis, & fulmine terras ;

(c) Quid Troes potuere ? quibus tot funera possis
cunctus ob Italiam terrarum clauditur Orbis ?

(d) Certe hinc Romanos olim, volventibus annis,
Hinc fore duces, revocato à sanguine Teucris,
Qui mare qui terras omni ditioni tenerent,
Pollicitus. Quae te Genitor sententia vertit ?

(e) Olli subtidens hominum sator atque Deorum,

He lov'd her so, and 'tis so common,
Either in Man, or else in Woman;

✓ Their Bastards they will clip and kiss ye,
More dearly then their lawfull Issue.

(f) *Jove* looking then most sweetly at her,
(For she had made his Mouth to water)

Took *Venus* by the Chin, and gave her
A Kiss of no unwelcome favour.

(g) My pretty Wench (quoth he) I prethee,
Let's have no more such puling with thee:

All shall be well enough, ne'r fear it;

And by my Beard once more I swear it,

Thy Son *Æneas*, thou dost doubt so,

✓ Which makes thee whimper, cry, and pout so,
Shall be a King, or Prince at least;

I speak in earnest, not in jest.

With that he whistled out most mainly,

You might have heard his Fift as plainly

From one side of the Skie to th' other,

As you and I hear one another.

Thrice whistled he, when by and by,

Out came his Foot-boy *Mercury*,

And askt him with your more ado,

What 'twas he whistled for, and who?

(f) *Vultu quo Cælum, Tempestatesque serenat,
Oscula libavit Gnata; dehinc talia fatur.*

(g) *Parce metu Cytherea; manent immota tuorum
Fata tibi. Cernes urbem, & promissa Lavini
Mœnia, sublimemque ferēs ad sidera cœli
Magnanimum Æneam,*

This

* See
Plaut. in
Amphytr.

This *Merc'ry* you must understand Sir,
Had formerly been a Rope-Dancer :
A nimble Rascal, and a Dapper, -
Full deftly could he cut a Caper,
* Dance, run, and leap, frisk and curvet,
Tumble, and do the *Sommerfet* ;
And fly with Artificial Wings
Ty'd to his head and heels with strings :
'Twas he first taught to fly i'th' Air,
As we have seen at *Bartle-Fair* ;
A nimble witty Knave, I warrant,
And one that well could say his Errant ;
An exc'lent servant (in plain dealing)
But that he was enclin'd to stealing.

(h) Sirrah (quoth *Jove*) go take your Pumps,
And haste to *Carthage*, stir your stumps ;
And as thou art a cunning Prater,
Play me the fine Insinuator :
Dido and all her *Carthaginians*
Possess throughout with kind opinions
Of the poor *Trojans*, lest Queen *Dido*
Not knowing things so well as I do,
Should shew 'um all a Trick of *Pass-pass*,
And chance t'indict them for a Trespass.

Away he flies *sans* further speech,
As he had had a Squib in's breech ;

(h) *Hæc ait, & Misa gentium demittit ab alto,
Ut terra, utque nova pateant Carthaginis arces
Hospitio Teucris, nè fati nescia Dido
Inibus arceret. Volat ille per aëra magnum
Remigio Alarum, & Lybia citius astitit oris,*

And

And suddenly without discerning

(i) Set all the *Trojans* Bowels yearning.

Dido for her part swore a *Trojan*

Should do the Feat for her, or no man.

Mean while the *Trojans* slept at ease,

Unless sometimes bit by white Fleas,

Their soft repose in quiet taking,

(k) Only *Æneas* he was waking,

Who whilest the night was dark and ore-cast,

Like one that had an ex'lent fore-cast,

Lay thinking now his Gutts grew limber,

How they might get more *Belly-timber* :

No sooner the Light first came creeping,

But that he cry'd, Ah Fool ! art peeping ?

And up he starts to go a stealing,

Either a Mutt'ning or a Vealing ;

And yet he thought being a stranger,

To go alone might be some danger ;

(l) Therefore he deem'd it not amiss

To call a Trusty Friend of his ;

And that he might go on the bolder,

He laid a Two-hand bat on's shoulder.

Thus going then abroad for food,

(m) He meets his Mother in a Wood ;

—————(i) *Ponuntque ferocia Pœni*
Corda, volente Deo ; imprimis Regiæ quietum
Accipis in Teucros animum mentemque benignam ;
 (k) *Arpius Æneas, per noctem plurima volvens,*
Ut primum lux alma data est, —————

—————(l) *Ipse uno graditur comitatus Achate*
Bina manu lato crispans bastilia ferro.

(m) *Cui mater mediâ sese tulit obvia sylva,*
Virginis os habitumque gerens

So smug she was, and so array'd,
 He took his Mother for a Maid :
 A great mistake in her, whose Bum
 So oft had been god *Mars* his Drum ;
 Full oft when *Smugg* was blowing Bellows,
 Would she be trucking with good Fellows ;
 And let her self be chuckt as tamely,
 As if therein there did no blame lye,
 By *Mars*, and many a one beside,
 Or else she foully is bely'd.

(n) Well met (young man) quoth *Venus* kindly,
 As you came through the Woods behind ye,
 Pray did you not, for all your haste, note
 A Lads in Petti-coat and Waist-coat ;
 With such a Pelt as mine thrown o're her,
 Driving a Sow and Pigs before her ?

(o) No truly, (quoth *Æneas* mild)
 I saw nor Man, Woman or Child ;
 Yet, though I say't, had I been nigh her,
 I could as soon as others spie her :
 But who art thou that speak'st so thrill,
 As if thy words came through a Quill ?
 Thou art of gentle Kindred surely,
 Thou look'st and speakest so demurely :

(n) *Hæus, inquit, juvenes, monstrate mecum
 Vidisti siquam hic errantem sorte sororum,
 Succinctam pharetrâ, & maculosa regmine lyncis,
 Aut spumantis apri cursum clamore prementem ?*

(o) *Veneris contra sic filius orsus :
 Nulla tuarum audita mihi, neque visa sororum.
 O quàm te memorem virgo ? namque haud tibi vultus
 Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonas : ô dea certe.*

(p) Therefore

(p) Therefore good Miſtreſs or good Lady,
I do beſeech you, if it may be,

To put us out of fear of Dangers,

(q) Tell's where we are, for we are ſtrangers.

(r) *Venus*, at that, wrigling and mumping,
Cries, Pray young man, leave off your frumping,

For until now I've met with no man,

E'r took me for a Gentlewoman :

She that I aſk for is my Siſter ;

I wonder how the Pox you miſt her !

We were this morning ſent in haſte

To fetch a Sow that lies at Maſt.

(s) Yond Town was built by one *Agenor* ;

The Land's ſo good it needs no *Meanor* :

(t) One *Dido* now is Queen on't, who
Run hither a good while ago :

She is a Queen of gentle bearing.

Whoſe ſtory will be worth the hearing :

(u) But ſhould I tell it all out-right,

I think 'twould laſt a Winters night.

(x) Therefore in ſhort, This ſame Queen *Dido*,

Who now, alas, is left a Widow !

Had one *Sichæus* to her *Honey*,

A wealthy man in Land and Money :

(p) *An Phœbi ſoror, an Nympharum ſanguinis una !*

(q) *quo ſub cœlo tandem, quibus orbis in oris
Faſtemur doceas*

(r) *Tum Venus : Haud equidem tali me dignor honore*

(s) *Punica regna vides, Tyrios & Agenoris urbem,*

(t) *Imperium Dido Tyria regis urbe profeſſa.*

(u) *longa eſt injuria, longa
Ambages, ſed ſumma ſequar faſtigia rerum.*

(x) *Huic Conjux Sichæus erat, diſſiſſimus agri.*

(y) Whom

(y) Whom one *Pygmalion*, unawares
 Kill'd, as he was saying on's Prayers;
 Onely for lucre of his pelf,
 Which he had thought t^have had himself,
 (z) And fob'd Queen *Dido* off some season,
 (Who cry'd and blubber'd out of reason)
 By telling her a Flim-flam prattle,
 That he was gone to buy some Cattle:
 But on a time, as without doubt,
Murder at some odd time will out,
 One night as she did sleep and snore,
 As she had never slept before,
 (a) Into her Chamber, dores unlocking,
 Comes me her Husband without knocking:
 A Link he in his hand did brandish,
 His face was Paler then your Band is:
 Near her came and would have kifs'd her,
 At which she well nigh had be-pifs'd her;
 But being a Ghost of civil fashion,
 He gave her *Words of Consolation*.

Quoth he, I mured am, my Jewel,
 By wayes most barbarous and cruel:
 And for to shew I tell no Fibbs,
 (b) Look what a whole here's in my Ribbs,

(y) *Ille Sychæum*
Impius ante aras, atque auri cæcus amore,
Clam ferro incautum superat ———

————— (z) *agram*
(Multa malus simulans) vana spe lusit amantem.

(a) *Ipsa sed in somnis inhumati venit imago*
Conjugis, ora modis atollens pallada miris:

————— (b) *Trajectaque pectora ferro*
Nudavis: ———

And if thou stay't, that Rogue *Pygmalion*
Intends to use thee like a Stallion :

(e) Therefore be gone, thou and thy Meany,
But leave the Rascal ne'r a penny,
To bless himself ; it lyes each farthing,
In an old Butter-pot i'th' Garding.

(d) *Dido* at this, rises up early,
And with her Servants very fairly,
Not caring for *Pygmalions* Curses,
Steals all his Money-bags, and Purfes ;
And in a Boat prepar'd o'th' nonce,
Shipt all his Goods away at once,
And got off safe, whil't all this Gear
Was ordered by a *Wastcoteer*.

(e) At last she came with all her People,
To yonder Town with the Spire-steeple,
And bought as much good feeding ground for
Five Marks, as some would give five pound for ;
Where now she lives a Huswife wary,
Has her ground stockt, and keeps a Dairy :

(c) *Tum celerare fugam patriâque excedere suadet,
Auxiliumque via, veteres tellure recludit
Thesuros, ignotum argenti pondus & auri.*

(d) *His commota fugam, Dido, sociisque parabat :*
*Convenient quibus aut odium crudele tyranni,
Aut metus acer erat : naves quæ fortè paratæ,
Corrumpunt, onerantque auro ; portantur avari
Pygmalionis opes pelagos, dux sæmina s. &c.*

(e) *Devenere locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernes
Mœnia, surgentemque nova Carthaginis arcem,
Mercatique solum s. &c. de nomine Byrsam.
Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo.*

(f) And now young man, I pray ye shew me
Whence do ye come, or whither go ye?

(g) This being said, our lusty Swabber
Groan'd like a Woman in her Labour,
And looking rufully upon her,
Oh! Dame (quoth he) brim-full of Honour,
Should I begin my Story spinning,
From the first end to th' last beginning,
I doubt to finish we should miss time,
For it would last till t' morrow this time.

(h) We *Trojans* are of *Troy-Town* Race,
(If e'r you heard of such a place.)

(i) And I th' *Æneas* fam'd in Battle,
But more ador'd for Tail and Twattle:
Who bring along our Country Gods,
A companie of smoakie Toads,
Catcht out o'th' fire, from the *Greek*
When all the Town was of a Reek;
And can derive my Pedigree,
(Although I say't) with any *He*,
That is perhaps fuller of Pride,
Especially by th' Mothers side.

(f) *Sed vos qui tandem? quibus aut venistis ab oris?*
Quove tenetis iter? —

(g) *Quarenti talibus ille*
Suspirans, imoque trahens à pectore vocem:
O dea, si prima repetens ab origine pergam,
Et vacet annales nostrorum audire laborum,
Ante diem clauso componet vesper Olympo.

(h) *Nos Troja antiqua (si vestras fortè per aures*
Trojae nomen iit) —

(i) *Sum pius Æneas, raptos qui ex hoste penates,*
Classe veho mecum, —

Did my Fame never hither come ?
 I'm talk'd of far, and near at home ;
 To tell you truly as a friend,
 (k) For *Italy* we did intend,
 And put to Sea in paltry weather,
 (l) With twenty pair of Oars together :
 Of which there hardly are left seven,
 Which put into the Shore last Even.

(m) *Venus* the while *Æneas* eying,
 And seeing he could scarce hold crying ;
 Thus cut him off in courteous fashion
 I'th' midst on's pitiful Relation :

(n) Who e'r thou art, take heart I say,
Rome can't be built all on a Day ;
 And though ye' have suffered some disasters,
 Yet let me tell you this, my Masters,
 'Tis a good sign that those Gods love ye,
 For all your haste, that hither drove ye :
 You might have walkt your pumps apieces,
 E'r light on such a place as this is.

(o) Go me to th' *Queen* now out of hand;
 And shew her how your matters stand :

(k) *Italiam quæro, patriam, & genus ab Jove summo.*

(l) *Biū denis Phrygium conscendi navibus aquor,
 Matre dea monstrante viam, data fata sequutus.
 Vix septem convulsa undis, Eurusque supersunt.*

(m) *Nec plura querentem
 Passa Venus medio sic interfata dolore est.*

(n) *Quisquis es, haud (credo) inuisum cœlestibus, auras
 Vitales carpi, Tyriam qui ad veneris urbem*

(o) *Perge modo atque hinc te regina ad limina perfer.*

She'll make you welcome for her part ;
 She loves tall Fellows in her heart :
 (p) There on my honest word, you'll meet
 Your lost Companions, I fore-see't ;
 And have all things that you would wish,
 (p) Or surely I was taught amiss :
 (For I a Father had, could make
 In time of need an Almanack)
 Chear up your hearts, your spirits rally,
 And ne'r stand fooling, shall I, shall I ,
 But budge, jogg on, bestir your Toes,
 (r) There lies your way, follow your Nose.

(s) With that she turn'd to go away,
 And did her freckled Neck display ;
 By which, and by a certain whiff
 Came from her Arm-pits or her Cliff,
 And a fine hobble in her pace,
Æneas knew his Mothers Grace :
 (t) *Mother* (quoth he) why dost thou run thus,
 And with thy *Mumming* cheat thy *Son* thus ?

(p) *Namque tibi reduces socios classémque relatum*
Nuntio

(q) *Nis frustra augurium vani docuere parentes.*

(r) *Perge modo & quæ te ducit via, dirige gressum*

(s) *Dixit : & avertens rosâ cervice refulsit ;*

Ambrosiaque comæ divinum vertice odorem

Spirare ; pedes vestis defluxit ad imos ;

Et verâ incesu paruit dea ; ille ubi matrem

Agnovit, tali jugientem est voce sequutus.

(t) *Quid natum toties crudelis tu quoque falsis*
Ludis imaginibus ? cur dextra jungere dextram
Non datur, ac veras audire, & reddere voces ?

Why

Why may we not shake one another
By th' hand, and talk like Son and Mother?
Oh think upon our woful Cases,
Whilest thus we wander in strange places!

(u) But she was gone, for when she list,
She foist away could in a Mist;
Nor could she tarry, to say truly,
For she had made a promise newly
To meet a friend of hers to dally,

(x) In a blind street they call *Ram-Alley*:
Æneas then began to find,
That there was something in the wind,
And said, My Mother's a mad shaver,
No man alive knows where to have her;
But I'd as live as half a Crown,
We two could walk so into th' Town.

Venus heard what he said, for she
Could hear, as far as we can see;
And in a moment to befriend 'um,
Two Cloaks invifible did lend 'um.

Thus cloakt, their Knavery to shelter,
(y) Away they trudge it helter skelter,
Until *Æneas* and his friend,
Safely arriv'd at the Towns-end.

(u) *At Venus obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit
Et multo nebula circum dea fudit amictu;
Cernere ne quis eos, nec quis contingere posset,
Molitive moram*

(x) *Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, — —*

(y) *Corripuere viam interea, qua semita monstrat;
Jamque ascendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi
Imminet, adversasque aspectat desuper arces.*

- (z) *Æneas* star'd about and wonder'd,
 To see of Houses a whole hunder'd :
 But when he saw the Folks were there,
 He thought it had been *Carthage* fair.
 (a) The Town was full all in a pother,
 Some doing one thing, some another ;
 Some digging were, some making Mortar,
 Some hewing Stones, and such a Quarter :
 For they were all, as Story tells,
 Building or doing something else ;
 (b) And to be short, all that he sees,
 Were working busily as Bees.
 (c) I'th' middle of the Town there stood
 A goodly *Elm* o're-grown with Wood ;
 And under that were Stocks most duly,
 To lock them fast that were unruly :
 There sat they down to ease their travel,
 Picking their sweaty Toes from Gravel :
 And lookt about as they lay lurking,
 (d) To see the busie *Tyrians* working :
 But none could see them for their spell,
 They were so hid, they might as well,
 Though they had been never so nigh 'um,
 See through a double Dore as spye 'um.

- (z) *Miratur molem Æneas, magalia quondam :*
 (1) *Instant ardentes Tyrii; pars, ducere muros*
Molirique arcem, & manibus sub solvere saxa.
Pars aptare locum testis, & concludere sulco.
 (b) *Qualis apes æstate nova per florea rura*
Exercet sub sole labor.
 (c) *Lacus in urbe fuit media, latissimus umbra :*
 (d) *Infert se septus nebula (mirabile dictu)*
Per medios, miscerique viris neque cernitur ulli.

Near stood the Church, a pretty Building ;
 Plain as a Pike-staff without gilding,
 I cannot liken any to it,

Unless't be *Pancrage*, if you know it.

(e) This Church Queen *Dido*, 'tis related,
 Built, and to *Juno* dedicated,

And was beholding unto none ;

But built it all both stick and stone,

At her own proper cost and charges ;

No Church i'th' Country near so large is :

It was well laid with Lime and Mortar :

(For so the Workmen did exhort her)

Because it would be so much stronger,

And so you know would last the longer.

It had a Dore pegg'd with a pin,

To shut Folks out, or let Folks in,

And in a pretty Wooden Steeple

A Low-Bell hung to call the People.

Aeneas and his friend went thither,

Seeing a many Folks together,

Whose misty Cloaks so well did hide 'um,

That in they went and no one spy'd 'um,

(f) But then they wonder'd to behold

The Images so manifold,

(c) *Hic templam Junoni ingens Sidonia Dido*
Condebat

(f) *Artificumque manus inter se, operumque labores*
Miratur, videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnās,

Bellāque tam fama totum vulgata per orbem ;

Atridas, Priamumque, & saevum amboque Achillem.

Constitit, & lachrymans: Quis jam locus inquit) Achate

Qua regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?

That staring stood in sundry places,
 As if they would fly in their faces.
 Then (quoth *Æneas*) to's Comrade,
 This Fellow Matter was on's Trade,
 That pictur'd these : Look, look, as I am
 An honest man, yonders our *Priam* ;
 See where he stands in Silk and Sattin,
 As he could speak both Greek and Latine.
 Whoop yonders *Hector* too, and *Troilus*,
 Look thee, how here the *Grecians* spoil us ;
 (g) And there our Trusty *Trojans* do
 Bang them and pay them *quid* for *quo*.
 Yonder *Achilles* gives a Rap,
 With his Cocks-teather in his Cap ;
 And yonders one, for all's Bravado,
 Knocks him with lusty Bastinado.
 How came these here t' be pictur'd thus ?
 Sure all the world has heard of us.

(h) Whilest thus *Æneas* sad and muddy,
 Stood musing in a dark brown study,
 In comes Queen *Dido*, that fair Lady,
 In Apron white, as on a *May-day* :
 A crew of Roysters waited on her,
 Which there were call'd her men of Honour :
 All clad in fair blew Coats, and Badges,
 To whom Queen *Dido* paid good Wages.

(g) *videbat, ut belantes Pergama circum
 Hac fagerent Galli, premeret Trojana Juventus .
 Hac Phryges, instaret curru cristatus Achilles .
 (h) Hac dum Dardanio Æneam miranda videntur,
 Dum stupet, obtusæque hæret defixus in uno ;
 Regina ad templum forma pulcherrima Dido
 Incessit magno juvenum stipante caterva :*

(i) Even

(i) Even as a proper Woman shews
 When unto Wake, or Fair she goes,
 Clad in her best Apparel, so
 Queen *Dido* all this time did show,
 And was so brave a Buxom Lass,
 That she did all i'th' Town surpass.
 Into the midit o'th' Church she marches,
 And there betwixt a pair of Arches,
 Upon a Stool set for the nonce,
 She went to rest her Marrow-bones,
 And on a Cushion stuff't with Flocks,
 She clapt her dainty pair of Docks.

(k) There *Dido* sate in State each day,
 To hear what any one could say,
 Some to rebuke, and for to smoothe some;
 And give out Laws wholesome, or toothsome;
 To punish such as had Insolence,
 And make them good *Nolens* or *Volens*:
 And there likewise each morning-tide,
 She did the young Mens Tasks divide,
 Wherein great Policy did lurk,
 Each knew his Jobb of Journey-work,
 And fell about it without Jangling:
 But that which kept them most from wrangling

(i) *Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
 Exerces Diana choros, quam mille sequuta
 Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades; illa pharetram
 Fert humero, gradiensque deas supereminet omnes.*

(k) *cum soribus diva, media testudine templi,
 Septrâ armis, solioque altè subnixaresedit;
 Jure dabat, legesque viris, operumque laborem
 Partibus aquabat iustis, aut sorte trahebat.*

Was

Was that they still drew cuts to know,
Whether they should work hard or no ;
And who had th' longest cut, and th' best,
Had still more work then all the rest.

(l) Here whilest *Aeneas* squeez'd and thrust is,
To see Queen *Dido* doing Justice :
Who should he but his Fellow spie
Got into *Dido's* Company ?

There *Antheus* was (no mortal fiercer)
And one *Sergestus* too, a Mercer,
With other *Trojans* that would vapour ;
Cloanthus too, the Woollen-Draper :
All which, and forty *Trojans* more,
Were wonderfully got to shore.

(m) At this, *Aeneas* and his friend
Were e'n almost at their wits end ;
(Z'lid *Jove* forgive me that I swear)
Quoth he, how think'st, how came they here ?
Nay, quoth the other presently,
Aeneas, what a Pox know I ?

(n) *Aeneas* was so glad on's kin,
He ready was t' leap out on's skin,
And so was t' other, for (in sadness)
They were e'n mad, 'twixt fear and gladness :

(l) Cum subito *Aeneas* concurrat creatae magno
Anthea, *Sergestus*que videt fratremque *Cloanthum*,
*Tenearum*que alios, ater quos aquore turbo
Dispulerat, penitusque alias advexerat oras :

(m) Obstupuit simul ipse, simul percussus *Achates* :

(n) *Lacrimae*que metuque avidi conjungere dexteras
Ardebant : sed res animos incognita turbat ;
Dissimulant, & nuba cava speculantur amicti,
Quae fortuna viris : —————

And

And it seems, they were so wise,
To keep them safe in their disguise;
Until their friends had try'd th' Opinions
Of the kind-hearted *Carthaginians*.

(o) At last they saw one *Ileoneus*,
A *Trojan* very Ceremonious;
A youth of very fine Condition,
A very pretty Rhetorician:
One that could write and read; and had
Been bred at Free-School from a Lad,
Thrust up to *Dido* in good fashion,
And thus begins his fine Oration.

(p) O *Queen*, who here hast built a Village,
And keep'it thy ground in hearty Tillage:
O Thou, who hast the Royal Science,
To Govern Men as wild as Lyons,
Behold us here, who look like men
New eaten and spew'd up again:
So spitefully has fortune crost us,
So wofully the Seas have tost us.
A few poor *Trojans* here you see,
Even as poor as poor may be;
Thrown on this Shore by Wind and Weather;
Ill-luck, the Devil, and altogether;

(o) *Postquam introgressi, & coràm data copia sandi,*
Maximus Ilioneus placidè sic pectore capit;

(p) *O regina, novam cui condere Jupiter urbem,*
Iustitiaque dedit gentes frangere superbas.
Troes temiseri, ventis maria omnia velli
Oramus, prohibe infandos à navibus ignes:
Parce pio generi, & propius res aspicite nostras.

And

And humbly do beseech your Grace,
 To pity our most woful case.
 Your men are all in hurly-burly,
 And look upon us grim and furly,
 So that if you be not good to us,
 They'll burn our Boats, and quite undo us.
 Therefore we pray you send some one,
 To bid 'um let our Boats alone.

(q) Alas ! we come not to purloyn,
 Either your Cattle, or your Coyn,
 Neither to filch Linnen or Wollen,
 Nor yet to steal away your Pullen ;
 W'have no such knavish ends as these ,
 But only to beg Bread and Cheese.

(r) We were going to a place,
 A hardish kind of Name it has,
 Where once your what shal's cal'ums (rot 'um !
 It makes me mad I have forgot 'um)
 Liv'd a great while ; but now d'ye see,
 'Tis known by th' name of *Italy* :

(q) *Non nos aut ferro Lybicos populare penates
 Venimus, aut raptas ad littora vertere pradas :*
Non ea vis animo, nectanta superbia vctis.

(r) *Est locus, (Hesperiam Graii cognomine d'cunt)
 Terra antiqua, potens armis, atque ubere gleba
 Oenotrii coluere viri : nunc fama minores
 Italiam dixisse, ducis de nomine gentem :
 Huc cursus fuit. — — —*

(s) When

(s) When on a sudden one *Orion*,
Powder'd upon us like a Lyon,
And squander'd us on Flats and Shelves,
Enough to make us drown our selves :
So that of sixscore men, and deſt ones,
Even here (O Queen) are all are left on's.

(t) Then what ſhould all your *Tyrians* thus
To ſcowl and look askew at us ;
Or where the Devil were they bred,
Sure ranker Clowns ne'r liv'd by Bread !
And (for to tell your Grace my thought)
I think they'r better fed then taught,
For (as I am an honeſt man,
Let 'um deny it if they can)

(u) No ſooner landed we to bait us,
But that the Rogues threw Cow-turds at us :
But *Queen*, I hope, thou'lt teach the Wretches,
Henceforth to meddle with their Matches.

(x) *Aeneas* once did us command,
A taller fellow of his hand,

(s) ——— *Cum ſubito aſurgens nimboſus Orion*
In vada cæca tulit, penitrusque procacibus Austris,
Pérque undas, ſuperante ſalo, pérque invia ſaxa
Diſpulit, huc pauci veſtris adnavimus oris ;

(t) *Quod genus hoc hominum? quæve hunc tam barbara*
Permittit patria ? ———

(morem)

(u) *Hospitio prohibemur arena,*
Bella cient, primaque vetant conſiſtere terra.

(x) *Rex erat Aeneas nobis; quo juſtior alter*
Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major, & armis ;
Quem ſi fata virum ſervant, ſi veſcitur aura
Ætherea nec adhuc credulibus accubat umbris,
Non metus ; officio nec te ceſſaſſe priorem
Pœniſeat ———

Nor

Nor honefter, ne'r did, or fhall,
 Draw out a Trapftick to a Wall.
 If he but live, and that already
 He be not drowned in fome eddy,
 You of your coft will ne'r repent you,
 For to a penny he'l content you.
 (y) Look then o'th' *Trojans*, and befriend 'um,
 Let's draw our boats afhore, and mend 'um.
 We'll promife you, if that we meet
 Our Captain with the reft o'th' Fleet,
 And if he be not turn'd to a Gudgeon;
 We towards *Italy* will trudge on;
 (x) And if that he fhall ftill be lacking,
 Then back again we'll ftrait be packing.
 (*) *Dido* like Woman of good fafhion,
 Gave fpecial heed to his Relation,
 And all the while he did relate it,
 Mump't like a Bride that would be at it.
 At laft, when he had told his Tale,
 Mantling like Mare in Martingale,
 She thus reply'd; *Trojans* be cheery,
 Pluck up your hearts, and reft you merry;

(y) *Quaffatam ventis liceat subducere classem,
 Et sylvis aptare trabes, & stringere remos;
 si datur Italiam sociis, & rege recipro.
 Tendere, ut Italiam laici, Latiumque petamus;*
 (z) *Sin absumpta salus, & te, pater optime Teucrum,
 Pontus habet Lybia, nec spes jam restat Iuli;
 At freta Sycania saltem sedesque paratas,
 Unde huc advehi, regemque petamus Acestem.*
 (*) *Tum breviter Dido, vultum demissa profatur;
 Solvite corde metum Teucri; secludite curas.
 Res dura, & Regni novitas me talia cogunt
 Moliri*

Our Towns-folks here are something wary ;
 Not that they any Ill-will bear you ;
 For they are vey honest Fellows,
 But that of late a Chance beset us.

To tell you true, the other day,
 When all my Folks were gone to th' hay,
 A lusty Rascal, such a one
 As one of you (dispraise to none)
 Comes into th' yard, and off the Hedge,
 Where all our Clouts were hung to Bleach,
 Whips me a Brand-new Flaxen Smock,
 The very best of all my stock ;
 And runs away wi't in a trice :

('T had ne'r been on my back past twice :)

But you I know such baseness scorn,
 You all are men well bred and born.

(a) Who has not heard o'th' Trojan people,
 And of *Æneas* and his Swipple ?

Nor shall you find us Dames of Tyre,
 So far remov'd from *Phæbus* fire ;

But we can cherish lusty Yeomen,
 And carry Toyes like other women,

(b) Therefore you shall, whether you go
 Straight on to *Italy*, or no :

(a) *Quis genus Æneadum, quis Troja nesciat urbem ?*

Virtutisque, virisque, aut tanti incendia belli ?

Non obtusa ad id gestamus pectora Pæni ;

Nec tam adversus equos Tyria sol jungit ab urbe ;

(b) *Seu vos Hesperiam magnam, Saturniæque arva,*

Sive Eryci fines, regemque optatis Acestem,

Auxilio tutos dimittam, opibusque juvabo.

Or

Or whether you row on the Main,
To your own Parish back again,
Have what you want ; nor will I dun ye,
But pay me when you can get money :

(c) But if you'l tarry here, this Town
That I now build shall be your own ;
And be as free you *Trojans* shall,
As any *Tyrian* on 'um all.

A Man's a Man, as I have read,
Though he have but a Hose on's head ;

(d) And I could wish that the same weather
That blew your tatter'd Scullers hither,
Would blow *Aeneas* hither too,
And then there were no more to do ;

(e) But I'll send out my Men ; who knows
But he may now be picking Sloes
In our Town-Woods, or getting Nuts,
For very need to fill his Guts ?

(f) *Aeneas* in his Misty Cloak,
Heard every word Queen *Dido* spoke.

(c) *Vultis & his mecum pariter considerare regnis ?
Urbem quam statuo, vestra est ; subducite naues ;
Tros Tyriisque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.*

(d) *Atque utinam rex ipse Noto compulsus eodem
Afforet Aeneas ;*

(e) *Per littora certos
Dimittam, & Lybia lustrare extrema jubebo,
Si quibus ejus sylvæ, aut urbibus errat.*

(f) *His animum arrexi diæ, & fortis Achates,
Et Pater Aeneas, jamdudum erumpere nubem
Ardebant*

Her Honey-words made his Mouth water,
 And he e'en twitter'd to be at her,
 But he was so o'er-joy'd he stood
 Like a great Sloven made of Wood;
 And could not speak, (though he were willing)
 Would one have gi'n him Forty shilling.
 (g) At last his Friend jog'd him with's hand;
 How like a Logger-head you stand!
 Quoth he, for certainly I think,
 Thou'rt either mad or in thy drink:
 Dost thou not see our Friends all round,
 Excepting one whom we saw drown'd:
 And all as well, as Heart can with,
 And yet thou standst as mute as Fish!
 (h) Scarce had he spoke, but off he threw
 His Mantle made of Mists so blew,
 And stood as plainly to be seen,
 As any there, *God bless the Queen.*
 (i) For's Mother had so dizend him,
 That he should shew both neat and trim:

(g) *Prior Æneam compellat Achates.*

Nate dea, quæ nunc animo sententia surgit?

Omnia inta vides, classem sociosque receptos.

Unus abest, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipsi

submersum.

(h) *Vix ea factus erat, cum circumfusa repente*

Scindit se nubes, & in æthera purgat apertum:

Resistit Æneas, claræque in luce refulsit,

(i) *Os humerisque Deo similitis; namque ipsa decoram*

Cæsariem nato genetriz, lumenque juvenis

Purpureum, laetos oculis afflarat honores;

D

Though

Though (truly !) he was but an odd man,
 Splay-mouth'd, crump-shoulder'd like the god
 Yet could he not i'th' nick invent (Pan.

Her Majestie a Complement :

But scratcht his head and 'gan to sputter,
 His elbow rub'd and kept a clutter,
 Mopping and mowing, till at last
 All difficulties over-past,

(k) In Courtly Phrase it thus came out ;

Madam (quoth he) your humble Trout :
 That same *Aeneas* whom you prize thus,
 Is here without *Deceptio Visus* ;

I that same very man am here,

And come to taste of your good chear.

(l) O *Dido* Primrose of Perfection,
 Who only grantest kind protection
 To wandring *Trojans*, how shall we
 E'r pay Thee for this Courtesie !

We never can my dainty Friend ;

Then let *Jove* do't, and there's and end.

(k) Tum sic reginam alloquitur, cunctisque repente
 Improvisus ait : Coram, quem quaritis adsum
 Trojæ *Aeneas* —————

(l) O sola infandos Troja miserata labores :
 Quæ nos, reliquias Danaûm terraque marisque
 Omnibus exhaustos jam casibus, omnium egenos,
 Urbe, domo socias : grates persolvere dignas
 Non opis est nostra, *Dido* : nec quicquid ubique est
 Gentis *Dardania*, magnum quæ sparsa per orbem.
 Dii tibi (siqua pios respuant numina, si quid
 Usquam justitia est, & mens sibi conscia recti)
 Præmia dignaferant ; —————

(m) Thus

(m) Thus having ended his fine Speech,
Towards the Queen he turn'd his Breech;
And spoke to's men, sayes, Lads how is't?
Come give me every one a Fist;
How dost thou *Guy*, and Sirs how do ye?
Now by my troth, I'm glad to see you;
'Tis better being here I trow,
Then where we were a while ago,
No longer since then yesterday:
Welcome to *Tyre* as I may say.
With that to shaking hands they fall,
And he most friendly shak't them all:
Surely he was no Counterfeiter,
No Bandog could have shak't 'um better.

(n) Queen *Dido* ravish't to behold
The Carriage sweet of this Springold,
Star'd for a while, as she'd look through him,
And then thus brake her mind untò him.

(o) O thou who hast so finely been bred,
And com'n art of such honest kindred,
By what strange luck hast thou been hurry'd,
As if the Fates would thee have worry'd!
'Tis strange thou hast not burst thy hoops,
Th'ast been so bang'd about the stoops.

(m) *Sic fatuus amicum
Ilionea petit dextra lavaque serestum;
Post alios, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.*
(n) *Obstupuit primo aspectu Sidonia Dido,
Casu deinde viri tanto; & sic ore loquuta est;*
(o) *Quis te, nata dea, per tanta pericula casus
Insequitur! qua vis immanibus applicat oris!*

- (p) Art thou *Aeneas* with great Ware,
 So famous for a Cudgel-player,
 Whom *Venus* with her fine Devices
 Bore that old Knocker, good *Anchises* ?
 (q) My Father *Belus* went with *Teucer*,
 (I think he had not many Sprucer)
 To take possession of an Island,
 That was some Twenty Rood of dry-land.
 (r) And he still gave great commendations
 Of *Trojans* 'bove all other Nations ;
 He could have nam'd you all by dozens,
 And told me you and he were Cousins.
 (s) Therefore young Men to *Carthage* you
 Are welcome without more adoe.
 I have my self (I'd have you know)
 Been driven to my shifts e'r now ;
 And therefore in my Jurisdiction,
 Pitty a Beast that's in affliction :
 (t) With that she stretched forth a hand,
 So white, it made *Aeneas* stand

- (p) *Ipse ille Aeneas, quem Dardanio Anchise
 Alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoentis ad undam ?*
 (q) *Atque equidem Teucrum memini Sidona venire,
 Finibus expulsus patriis, nova regna petentem
 Auxilio Beli ;*
 (r) *Ipse hostis Teucros insigni laude ferebat ;
 Seque ortum antiqua Teucrorum à stirpe volebat,*
 (s) *Quare agite, ô testis juvenes succedite vestris.
 Me quoque per multos similis fortuna labores
 Jactatam, hac demum voluit consistere terra.
 Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.*
 (t) *Sic memorat ; simul Aenean in regia ducit
 Testa ;*

Amaz'd to see't (for know that shee
 Still wash't her hands in Chamber-Lee)
 And led *Aeneas* in kind fashion,
 Towards her Graces Habitation;
 And made a Curtzy at the dore,
 And pray'd him to go in before:
 But he most curteously cry'd no,
 I hope I'm better bred then so;
 But let him say what he say could,
Dido swore *Faith and Troth* he should:
 Well (quoth *Aeneas*) I see still,
 Women and Fools must have their will:
 And thereupon without more talking,
 Enters before her proudly stalking.
 Scare were they got within the dores,
 But *Dido* call'd her Maids all Whores,
 And a great coyl and scolding kept,
 Because the House was not clean swept:
 (a) Then all in haite away she sends
 Victuals unto *Aeneas* friends;
 Pease-porridge, Bacon, Puddings, Sowse,
 O'th' very best she had i'th' house;
 Butter, and Curds, and Cheeses plenty,
 To fill their Guts that were full empty;
 Bidding them eat, and never save it,
 But call for more, and they should have it.

(a) *Nec minus interea sociis ad littora mittit
 Viginti tauros, magnorum horrentia centum
 Terga sumpunguescentum cum matribus agnos:*

(b) This being done, the dainty Queen
 Conducts the *Trojans* further in ;
 Into a Parlour neat she takes 'um,
 And there most fairely welcome makes 'um :
 She serv'd 'um drink and victuals up,
 As long as they would eat or sup ;
 Whilest each one there so play'd the Glutton,
 That he was forced to unbutton.
 No sooner had the *Trojans* bold
 Stuff'd their Guts full as they would hold ;
 But that *Æneas* strait begun,
 (c) All-to-bethink him of his Son.

* See Ser. * Now you must know that he had had
 vim upon A Wench, and by that Wench a Lad.
 Virgil.

The Lads *Cressa* had to name,
 Whom (be it spoken to their shame)
 The *Greeks* when first they took *Troy* City,
 Did thrust to death, without all pity :
 Of woman-kind sure as I breath
 The first that ever dy'd that death.
 (d) His son, *Ascanius* hight, a Page,
 About some dozen years of Age,
 This Boy, *Æneas* sent *Achates*
 To fetch ; quoth he, since we feed *gratis*,
 Why should not now my little Bastard,
 (That I dare swear would prove no dastard)

(b) At domus interior regali splendida luxu
 Instruitur, mediisque parant convivia testis.

(c) Omnis in Alcanio chari stat cura parentis.

(d) Æneas rapidum ad naues pramittit Achatem,
 Alcanio ferat hæc, ipsumque ad mœnia ducat.

Come

Come to Queen *Dido's* House, and Feast,
As we have done o'th' very best ?

- Go fetch him then, (e) and let him bring's
Out of my Coffer, those gay things
I sav'd at *Troy*; which for their fineness
He shall present unto her Highness.
There is a Riding-hood and Safe-guard
Of yellow Lace, bound with a brave-guard,
Which *Hellen* wore, the very day
That *Paris* stole her quite away.
(f) Then there's a Distaff neatly wrought
That *Paris* too for *Hellen* bought,
For carved work fit to be seen,
Betwixt the leggs of any Queen.
And then there is a fair great Ruff
Made of a pure and costly Stuff
To wear about her Highness neck,
Like Mrs. *Cockaynes* in the *Peak*;
And last a Quoit, wrought gorgeously
With Tinsel, and *Blew Coventry* :
Then go as fast as th' canst, I prithee,
And bring him and these presents with thee.

(e) *Munera præterea Iliacis erepta ruinis
Perre jubet, pallam signis, auroque rigentem,
Et circumtextum croceo velamen Acantho,
Ornatus Argivæ Helenæ; quos illa Mycenis,
Pergama sum peteret, incohesosque Hymenæos
Extulerat*

(f) *Præterea sceptrum, Ilione quæ gesserat olim
Maxima natæ Priami, colloque monile
Baccatum, & duplicem gemmis auroque coronam.*

(g) Away goes he, as he was bidden,
 Running as fast, as he had ridden ;
 But *Venus*, that same cunning Dame
 Had yet another Trick to play 'um.
 (h) She had no very good Opinion
 Of your so smooth-tongu'd *Carthaginian*,
 Nor knew she but the Queen might be
 As full of Craft as Courtesie.
 (i) And she was sure that *Juno* would
 Do all the Mischief that she could ;
 Therefore she in all haste did run
 T' a Boy, call'd *Cupid*, was her Son.

This *Cupid* was a little Tyny,
 Cogging, Lying, Peevish Nynny ;
 No bigger then a good *Points Tag* ;
 But yet a vile unhappy wag.
 He ne'r would go to School, but play
 The Truant every other day :
 Run men into the Breech with pins,
 Throw stones at Folks and break their ships ;
 Kill peoples Hens, and Steal their Chicks,
 And do a Thousand Roguy Tricks :
 But with a Bow the Shit-breecht elf
 Would shoot like *Robbin Hood* himself ;
 And had, I warrant, every dart,
 Poyson'd with such a subtle art,

(g) *Hæc celerans, iter ad naves tendebat Achates.
 At Cytherea novas artes, nova pectore versat
 Consilia*

(h) *Quippe domum timet ambiguum Tyriosque bilingues*

(i) *Urit atrox Juno*

That

That where they hit, their power was so,
 It made Folks love, would they or no :
 And for this Trick, the hopeful Youth
 Was call'd *The God of Love* forsooth.

To this young Squire Dame *Venus* trotted,
 As I (if you have not forgot it) .
 Told you before, and thus begun
 To flatter up her Graceless Son ;
 (k) My Goldy locks, (quoth she) my Joy,
 My pretty little tyny Boy :
 Thy Mother *Venus* comes to thee
 T' implore thy little Deity.

(l) Thou knowest as well as any other,
 How *Juno* vile has us'd thy Brother,
 Our poor *Aeneas*, what a Clatter,
 She made to drown him on the water ;
 Nay she would do more mischief still,
 If the curst Quean might have her will,
 (m) *Aeneas* now is at a place,
 Call'd *Carthage*, with a handsome Lass,
 Queen *Dido* nam'd, where now he is
 Made on as much, as heart can wish ;
 (n) But least the Queen should change her mind'
 As Weather-Cocks do with the wind,

(k) *Gnate, mea vires, mea magna potentia, solus
 Gnate patris summi qui tela Typhoea temnis;
 Ad te confugio, & supplex tua numina posco.*

(l) *Frater ut Aeneas pelagus omnia circum
 Littora jactetur, odiis Junonis iniqua,
 Nota tibi* — — —

(n) *Quocirca capere ante dolis & cingere flamma
 Reginam meditor, ne quo se numine mutet ;*

And

And thorough *Juno's* wiles at last,
 Shew him a Woman's slipp'ry cast :
 My pretty Archer, let us two
 Shew the proud Slut what we can do.
 My Son *Aeneas* does dispatch
Achates to the Wharf to fetch
 My little Grandchild, who must come,
 To sup in *Dido's* Dining-room.
 Now since that thus in short the Case is,
 And that thou canst so well cut faces :
 (o.p) I would have thee to set thy *Phys'-*
Nomy in such a shape as his :
 And go along as meek and mild,
 As any little sucking Child.
 When thou com'st there, I know the Queen
 Will clip, and kiss thy Cheek and Chin ;
 Dandle, and give thee Figs and Reasons ;
 Then must thou play thy Petty-Treasons,
 Lick her Lips, Flatter her, and Cog,
 And set her Highness so o'th' Gog,
 That when she's laid by Fame and Honour,
 Thy Brother may to work upon her.

(o) ——— *Faciem mutatus & ora Cupido
 Pro dulci Ascantio veniat.*

(p) *Tu faciem illius noxtem non amplius unam
 Falle dolo, & notos pueri indue vultus :
 Ut cum te gremio accipiet latissima Dido,
 Regales inter mensas, laticemque Lyxum,
 Cum dabit amplexus, atque oscula dulcia figet,
 Occultum inspires ignem, fallasque veneno.*

(q) This

(q) This is my Plot, and that nought cross it,
I'll make the Child a sleeping Posset.

And when he's fast, I will him hide
I'th' top o'th' Garret upon *Ide*.

(a) *Cupid* who Mischief lov'd I think,
Better by half then Meat or Drink;
Without all manner of Reply,
Prepares him for his Roguery.

His wings he from his shoulders throws,
Because they'd not go into's Clothes,
And drest himself to such a wonder,
That none could know the Lads asunder,

(b) But *Venus* gave t'other a Sop,
That made him sleep like any Top;
And whilst he taking was a Nap,
She lay'd him neatly in her Lap,
And carried him to a House that stood
Upon an Hill in an old Wood:
And when she had the Urchin there,
She laid him up in *Lavender*.

(c) In the mean time Sir *Cupid* goes
To th' Court in young *Iulus*' Clothes;

(q) *Hunc ego sopitum jumento super alto Cythera
Aut super Idalium sacratâ sede recondam.*

(a) *Paret amor diâis chara genetricis, & alas
Exit, & gressu gaudens incedit Iuli.*

(b) *At Venus escanio placidam per membra quietem
Irrigat, & solum gremio dea tollit in altos
Idalix lucos: ubi mollis amaracus illum
Floribus, & dulci aspirans complectitur umbra.*

(c) *Jâmque ibat diâo parens.*

(d) Who

(d) Who should he see when he came there,
 But *Dido* sitting in a Chair,
 I'th' midst of all her *Trojan* Blades,
 Vap'ring and swearing at her Maids!
 Under her Feet a Cricket stood,
 Whereon she stamp'd as she were Wood,
 And likewise there was finely put
 A Cushion underneath her Scut.
 There as she sat upon her Crupper,
 (e) She bad her Folks to bring in Supper,
 And in they brought a Thundring Meal,
 Great Joynts of Mutton, Pork, and Veal,
 Hens, Geese, and Turkeys, Ducks, and Bustards,
 And at the last, Fools, Flawns, and Custards:
 The *Trojans* eat, and make good Chear,
 Tunning themselves with Ale and Beer;
 There was old drinking, and old singing,
 And all the while, the Bells were ringing:
 One would have thought by the great Feast,
 T'had been a Wedding at the least.

(d) *Cum venit, auleis jam se regina superbis
 Aurea composuit sponda, mediâque locavit.
 Jam pater Æneas, & jam Trojana juvenus
 Conveniunt; stratisque super discumbiunt ostro.
 (e) Quinquaginta intus famula, quibus ordine longo
 Cura penum struere, & flammis adolere penates.
 Centum alia, totidémque pares atate ministri,
 Qui dapibus mensas onerent, & pocula ponant*

Whilest

Whileſt thus they eat, and drink, and chat,
 (f) *Cupid*, that little cogging Brat,
 So cunning was in Counterſeiting,
Æneas thought him on's own getting.
 At laſt Queen *Dido* in her Lap,
 Sets me the Mounte-banking Ape,
 And kiſt his Lips all of a Lather,
 Then thus beſpeaks the new-made Father.
 By the Mack (quoſh ſhe) thou *Trojan* truſty,
 Thou got'ſt this Boy when thou wert luſty;
 And any one that does but note him,
 May ſoon know who it was begot him;
 I dare be ſworn 'twas thou didſt get him,
 He's e'n as like thee as th' hadſt ſpit him.
 (g) Whileſt thus the Youth ſhe kiſt and dandled,
Cupid had ſo the matter handled,
 That ſhe began to feel a grumbling,
 As people do that would be tumbling.

(h) When they had Supt, & that the Waiters,
 Had Trenchers ta'n away, and Platters;

(f) *Ille ubi complexu Ænem, colloque pependit,
 Et magnum falſi implevit genitoris amorem,
 Reginam petit; hac oculis, hac pectore toto
 Heret: & interdum gremio fover inſcia Dido,
 Inſideat quantum miſer & deus.* —————

(g) *at memor ille
 Matris Acidalix, paulatim abolere ſichzum
 Incipit, & vivo tentat prævertere amore
 Jam pridem reſides animos* —————

(h) *Postquam prima quies epulis, menſaque remota,
 Grætaſ magnos ſtatuant, & vina coronant.*

(i) Up from her Chair Queen *Dido* starts,
And takes a Mug, that held two Quarts
Of drink, that she with much forbearing,
Had sav'd long since for her Sheep-shearing :
And thus begins, Here Sirs, here's to you,
And from my heart much good may do you :

(k) *Aeneas*, here's a Health to thee,
To *Puss*, and to good Company ;
And he that will not do as I do,
Proclaims himself no friend to *Dido*.
I do pronounce him to be no Man,
And may he never kiss a Woman.

(l) With that she set it to her Nose,
And off at once the *Rumkin* goes ;
No drop besides her Muzzle falling,
Until that she had supt it all in.
Then turning't * *Topsy* on her Thumb,
Sayes, Look, here's *Supernaculum*.

Aeneas, as the Story tells,
And all the rest did blest themselves,
To see her troll off such a Pitcher,
And yet to have her face no richer.
By *Jove* (quoth he) knocking his Knuckles,
I'd not drink with her for Shoe-buckles :

* *Alias*
Kelty.

(i) *Hic regina gravem gemmis, auròque poposcit,
Implevitque mero pateram : quam Belus & omnes
A Belo soliti* —————

(k) *Adsis latini Bacchus dator & bona Juno :
Et vos & cœtum Tyrii celebrate fauentes,*

(l) *Dixit, & in mensa laicum libavit honorem :
Primaque libato summo senam attingit ore.*

But

But Madam (sayes he) sweetly bowing,
 I hope your Grace does not make * plowing :
 For if you do, at this large rate,
 There will be many an aking pate ;
 (m) With that he took a lusty Swimmer,
 Here Sirs (quoth he) I drink this Brimmer
 In kind return for our Protections,
 Unto Queen *Dido*'s best Affections.
 (n) Down went their Cups, and to't they fell,
 Roaring and Swaggering pell-mell,
 (o) Whilst a blind Harper did advance,
 That wore Queen *Did*'s Cognizance,
 A Minstrel that *Iopas* hight,
 Who play'd and sung to 'um all night ;
 He sung them Songs, Ballads, and Catches,
 Of Mens Devices, Womens Patches ;
 With ancient Songs of high Renown,
 And even one they call *Troy-Town* :
 At that *Æneas* shak'd his Noddle,
 As one would do an empty Bottle ;
 (Quoth he) If he that wrote this Ditty,
 Had been with us i'th' midst o'th' City,
 When Faggot-sticks flew in folks Chops,
 And knockt men down as thick as Hops,
 I do believe for all's fine *Chiming*,
 He would have had small mind of Rhiming :

* Ending
 one and
 Beginning
 another.

(m) *Ille impiger hausit
 Spumantem pateram, & pleno se proluit auro.*

(n) *Post alii procures ;* ———

(o) *cithara crinitus Iopas
 Persona curata, docuit qua maximus Atlas.
 Hic canit & tantum Lunam.* ———

Quoth

Yet for to give the Devil his due,
Who e'r he was, the Ballads true.

(p) From *Dido* then a belch did flie,
'Tis thought she meant it for a sigh,
And tears ran down her fair long Nose;
The Queen was *Maudlin* I suppose.

(q) (Quoth she) *Æneas*, out of Jestings,
Thou needs must tell at my Requesting,
All the whole Tale of *Troys* condition,
Since first you troubled were with th' *Grecian*;
Hectors great Fights, and *Priams* Speeches,
And eke describe *Achilles* Breeches,
How strong he was when he did grapple,
And if *Tidydes* Horse were dapple.
Tell me, I say, of *Paris* Lechery,
The *Grecians* Quarrels, and their Treachery,
Your Challenges, your Fights, and Battels,
And how you lost your goods and Chattels;
And to what Places you have wander'd
E'r since you were so basely squander'd.
All these things would I know most duly,
Then tell me speedily and truly.

(p) *Infelix Dido, longumque bibebat amorem;*
(q) *Multa super Priamo rogans, super Hectore multa:*
Nunc quibus Auroræ venisset filius armis;
Nunc quales Diomedis equi, nunc quantus Achilles:
Imò age, & à prima dic hospes origine nobis;
Insidias, inquit, Danaum, casusque tuorum,
Errorésque tuos,

Scarronnides:
OR,
VIRGILE
T R A V E S T I E.

A Mock-Poem,
In imitation of the
F O U R T H B O O K
O F
V I R G I L S Æ N Æ I S
in English; Burlesque.

*Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non op-
tima quæq; proponere.* Plin. Ep. 5. l. 1.

L O N D O N,
Printed by J. C. for Henry Brome, at the Gun near
the West-end of St. Pauls. 1 6 7 0.



VIRGILE

TRAVESTIE.

The Fourth Book.

(a) **I**N this Fourth Book we find it written,
That *Dido* Queen was deeply smitten ;
Much taken with the *Trojan's* person,
Than which a properer was scarce one :
Much of his breeding did she reckon,
But more of what, I'm loath to speak on,
For which she did so scald and burn,
That none but he could serve her turn.

(b) The Sun, that spruce light-headed fellow
With frizled locks of fanded yellow,

(a) *AT Regina gravi jamdudum sancta cura,
Vulnus alit venis, & cæco carpitur igni.
Multa viri virtus animo, multusque recurſat
Gentis honos, hærent infixi pectore vultus,
Verbæque nec placidam membris dat cura quietem.
(b) Poſtera Phœbea luſtrabat lampade terras,
Humentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram,
Cum ſic unanimem alloquitur maleſana ſororem,*

The windows crept by radiation,
 Lik son begot in fornication,
 When *Dido* mad for want of Man,
 Ev'n thus bespake her Sister *Nan*.

(c) I've been all night (quoth she) my *Nancy*,
 So strangely troubled in my fancy,
 I could not rest till morning-peep,
 Odd Dreams have so disturb'd my sleep :

(d) What a stout stripling's this *Aeneas*,
 That thus hath crost the Seas to see us !

I do believe, nay dare swear for him,
 No mortal Woman ever bore him :

(e) But some great Lady in the skie,
 That Nurs'd him up with Furnitie !

I hate a base cowardly Drone,
 Worse then a Rigil ten to one :

But this bold *Trojan* I delight in ,

(f) How bravely does he talk of Fighting !

I tell thee *Nancy*, wer't not that

Folks would be apt to talk and prate,

Should I so soon new Suiters have,

(g) My Husband yet scarce cold in's grave ;

(c) *Anna soror, quæ me suspensam insomnia terrent ?*

(d) *Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes ?*

Quem sese ore ferens ! quem fori pectore & armis !

(e) *Credo equidem (nec vana fides) genus esse Deorum.*
Degeneres animos timor arguit.

(f) *Heu ! quibus ille*

Factus fati ! Quæ bella exhausta canebat !

(g) *Ne cui me vinclo possum sociare jugali,*
Postquam primus amor, &c.

Si non pertasum thalami tædæque fuisset,
Huic uni forsan potui succumbere culpa.

And

And were I not with my first honey
Half tyr'd as 'twere with Matrimony,
I could with this same youngster tall,
Find in my heart to try a fall.

(h) I must confess since that sad season,
Pygmalion cut my Husbands weazon;
This only (not to mince the matter)
Is he hath made my mouth to water.

(i) But may I first, I *Jove* implore,
Sinke thorow this my Chamber-floor,
Down quick into the Cellars bottom,
E'r I commit the thing you wot on;
Or any thing by lusts suggestion,

(k) That my good name may bring in question.

(l) Which said, she wept in manner ampler,
Then Girl new whipt for losing Sampler.

Nan in her answer was not long,
For nimble Baggage of her tongue
She was, (as some would say that knew her,
As was in that, or next Town to her.)

(m) O Sister dearer to me far,
Then Sunshine-dayes in Harveſt are :

(h) *Anna* (*ſavebor enim*) *miſeri poſt fata Sychai*
Conjugii, & ſparſos fraternæ cade penates,
Solus hic inflexit ſenſus, animumque labantem
Impulit : agnoſco veteris veſtigia flammæ

(i) *Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehifcat,*
Aut pater omnipotens adigat me

(k) *Ante pudor quam te violam aut tua jura reſolvam.*

(l) *vic effata, ſinum lachrymis implevit oborti,*

(m) *Anna refert*

O luce magis dilecta ſorori,

(n) Wilt thou (quoth she) O Woman Wood,
 Still stop the currant of thy blood,
 And lose the time by vain pretences
 Of making pretty Boys and Wenches ?
 Wilt thou cut Faces evermore
 For Husband dead, as Naile in Dore ?
 Dost thou believe, thou puling thing,
 (o) That dead Folks care for whimpering ?
 (p) Yield, and be naught at last ; Y^e have plaid
 The Fool too long, here be it said,
 And stood too much in your own light,
 Or long enough ago, you might
 (q) Have match't your self, and that well too,
 To rich and proper men enow.
 What though you have said many nay,
 Yea, and burnt day-light, as we say,
 Goodman *Iarbas* here hard by,
 And others of good Yeomanry ;
 That might have past ; because forsooth
 They could not please your dainty Tooth.

(n) *Solane perpetuâ mœrens cernere iuventa ?*
Nec dulces natos Veneris nec præmia nâris ?
 (o) *Id cinerem, aut manes credis curare sepultos ?*
 (p) *Ego ; agram nulli quondam flexere mariti ;*
 (q) *Non Libya, non ante Tyro despectus Iarbas,*
Ductoresque alii, quos Africa terra triumphis
Dives alit, &c.

(r) Mast

(r) Must you still mince it at this rate,
With that you would so fain be at?
You ne'r consider what a throng
Of saucie Knaves you live among.
Base ill-bred cheating surly Currs,
Rascals as false as Moor-Landers.
Such fellows, as I greatly doubt me,
If you no better look about ye,
And leave this foolish twittle twattle,
To match with one may tent your Cattle;
Will in short space not leave a Goose,
Turky, or Hen about the House:

(s) Your Brother too, he swears and curses
About his Money Baggs and Purfes.

(t) I do believe that *Jove* and *Juno*,
(Whom all the World, and I, and you know)
Have ever been your faithful friends
For some most secret courteous ends,
Over blew *Neptunes* bouncing Ferries,
Have hither sent these *Trojan* Wherries.

Oh, were thes: *Trojans* marry'd to us,
What good such bonny Lads might do us!

(1) *Placitane etiam pugnabis ammi?*
Non venit in mentem, quorum confederis armis?
Hinc Getula n. bet, genus insuperabile bello,
Et Numida infanti cingunt, & inhospita Syris
Hinc —————

Barcai —————

(s) *Germanique minor* —————

(t) *Diis equidem auspicius reor, & Junone secunda*
Hac cursum Iliacas vento tenuisse carinas.

(u) What a fine Town would ours be then,
How bravely stor'd with lusty Men !

Then without any more ado,

Sister say Grace, and so fall to :

They in good manners ten to one,

Will make an offer to be gone ;

And rather trust their rotten Barges,

Then stay to put you to more charges :

(*) But you may make 'um at command,

As easily stay as kiss your hand.

(x) Can you not tell 'um that the weather

'S too cold, or hot (no matter whether)

Their Scullers torn and shatter'd so,

That they must mend 'um e'r they go ;

And in conclusion with good reason

With 'um t'expect a better season.

(y) With such like documents as these are,

Which the young Slut knew best would please

Nancy so tickled up her Grace,

(her,

That *Dido* scarce knew were she was.

Nay some affirm a dangerous matter,

She'd much ado to hold her water :

(u) *Quamtu urbem soror hanc cernes ! qua surgere regna*

Conjugio tali ! Teucrum comitantibus armis

Panica se tantis attollet Gloria rebus !

(*) *Tu modo* —————

Indulge hospitio causasque inesse morandi,

(x) *Dum pelago defecit hyems, & aquosus Orion*

Quassataque rates, nondum irastabile cælum.

(y) *Hic dictis incensum animum inflammavit amore,*

Spemque dedit dubia —————

And

And Counsel'd in that tempting strain,
 I wonder how she could contain :
 But certain 'tis, that this advice
 So wrought upon this Widdow nice,
 That she, who Maid, Widdow and Wife,
 Had priz'd her Honour, 'bove her Life ;
 (z) Now car'd no more for her good Name
 Then any common Trading Dame.

(a) But to the Church (forsooth) anon,
 That matters might go better on,
 (Like People o'th' Phanatick fry,
 Whose sanctity's Hypocritie)
 They must, and slipping on their Pattens,
 They went, as who should say to Mattens.

Thither now come, fair *Dido* squats
 Her Bum on Bassock made of Mats :
 For you must know, as Story sayes,
 Queens, like the godly in these dayes,
 In manner insolent and slightly,
 Disdain'd to kneel to God Almighty.
 But *Anna* who was but a Spinster,
 Kneel'd low on Stones as hard as Flints are.
 Their eyes they roll'd, and bow'd their bodies
 To this, and t'other god and goddess,
 (b) To *Ceres*, *Phæbus*, and *Lyæus*,
 And twenty harder names then * *The'as*.

* A figure
 so new,
 that Mo-
 dern Au-
 thors have
 yet no
 name for't

(z) *Menti solutisque pudorem.*

(a) *Principio Delubra aleunt, pacemque per aras
 Exquirunt.*

(b) *Legifera Cereri, Phœboque, patrique Lyæo:*

(c) But

(c) But *Juno* had most veneration,
As she was Queen of Copulation.

Prayers being done, up *Dido* rose,
And to the Priest demurely goes ;
She gently pulls him by the garment,
The reverend Type of his preferment,
And with most gracious looks and speeches,
To borrow a word or two beseeches.
The Priest bow'd low in Aukward wise,
As 'tis you know Sir Roger's guise,
And in obsequious manner told her,
Her Grace with him might make much bolder.

This Priest was held a mighty Clark,
In mysteries profound and dark ;
(*) Had skill in Phylick, and was able
To tell Folks Fortunes by their Table.
Him she conjures, intreats, and prays,
With all the cunning that she has,
Greases his Fist ; nay more, engages
Thenceforth to mend his Quarters wages,
If he would but resolve the doubt
That she then came to him about.
But 't had been vain, had he been wiser,
Or to instruct, or to advise her,
(d) Alas, poor Priest ! how fruitless is 't
To judge by *Phys'nomy* or *Fist*,

(c) *Junoni ante omnes, cui vincla jugalia curâ.
Ipsa tenens dextra pateram pu cherrima Dido &c.*

(*) *Spirantia consulit exta.*

(d) *Hæu vatum ignara mentes, quid vira furentem,
Quid Delubra juvant ? est molis flamma medullas
Interea, & tacitum vivit sub pectore vulnus.*

Or what do Prophecies avail,
When Women have a whisk i'th' Tail?

(e) *Did*, for love in woful wife,
Bubbles, and boyls, and broyls, and fries,
And in her am'rous Moods and Tenses,
Even like one out of her senses:
About the Town she runs and reels,
With all the School-boys at her heels.

So have I seen in Pastures fair,
Where Cattle educated are :

(f) An heifer young when she doth itch,
With *Gad-breeze* sticking in her breech,
From shady Brake on sudden rise,
And with her Tail erect to th' skies,

(g) Run through the field with frisks and kicks,
In various capreols and tricks,

Some ease poor thing, alas, to find ;

(h) When lo, the stinging sticks fast behind :

One while she takes her (i) lusty Lover,
Meaning her passion to discover ;

She leads him out from place to place,

And shews him all that e'r she has ;

Discloses all her secret wealth,

And says, if *Jove* send life and health,

(c) *Vittur infelix Dido, totaque vagatur
Urbe furens* ———

——— (f) *Qualis conjuncta cerva sagitta.
Quam procul, &c.*

——— (g) *Illa fuga sylvam saltusque peragrat.*

——— (h) *Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*

(i) *Nunc media Æneam secum per mania ducit :
Sidoniaeque ostentat opes, urbemque paratam.*

That

That she (though simply there she stand)
 Will make that Living as good Land,
 If she continue but a while on't,
 As any lies within five mile on't.
 Then she (k) begins to mump and smatter,
 Willing to break into the matter,
 And ask the question, when (alafs!)
 To see how things will come to pass!
 When she most fain her mind would break,
 She rather could have broke her neck
 Then speak a word, Vertue forsooth,
 And modesty so stopt her mouth.

(l) Over and over then she treats
 Him, and his Mates, with sundry meats,
 Whilest *Trojans* round besiege her boards,
 Merry as *Greeks*, and drunk as *Lords*.

(m) And sure as e'r they sit to Table,
 She calls again to hear *Troys* Fable:
 Nay lov'd it so, that she 'tis said,
 The Ballad then of *Troy-Town* made.
 We owe her for't, and let us pay't her;
 Who Englisht it, was her Translator.

(n) Now when with raking up the fire
 Each one departs to *Bedfordshire*:

(k) *Incipit effari, mediaque in voce resistit,*

(l) *Nunc eadem labente die convivia querit:*

(m) *Illosque iterum demens audire labores
 Exposcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore.*

(n) *Post ubi digressi, lumenque obscura vicissim
 Luna premit, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos:*

And

And pillows all securely snort on,
Like Organists of fain'd *Hogs-Norton*;

(o) *Dido*, poor Queen, alone doth lye,
Dreaming on true-loves *Phys'onomy*:

And in that humour she the small
(p) *Ascanius* takes, *Troy's Juvenal*;

And in her lap on tuft of Sorrel,
Laying the little wanton Gorrel,
Oft would she sighing say, *This Lad*,
Oh that he were but like his Dad!

This life the woful *Dido* led,
Eke at her Board, and eke at Bed,
(q) Her housewifery no more regarding,
Neither her spinning nor her carding;

But like a Dame of wits bereaven,
Let all things go at six and seven.

Which when Queen *Juno* (for these two
Were Clove and Orange you must know)
Perceiv'd, and that, then blind cheeks blinder,
She thrêw all care and shame behind her:

(o) *Sola domo mæret vacua, stratisque relictis*
Incubat —————

(p) *Aut gremio Ascanium, genitoris imagine capta*
Derinet, infandum si fallere possit amorem.

(q) *Non cœste assurgunt turres . non arma juvenis*
Exercet portusque aut propugnacula bello

Tutaparant; Pendent opera interrupta, minaque
Murorum ingentes, aquataque machina caelo.

Quam simul ac tali persensit peste teneri
Chara Jovis conjux, nec famam obflare furori;
Talibus aggreditur Venerem Saturnia diâis:

She

She *Venus* in these words accoasts,
 (r) You, and your son may make your boasts,
 With shame enough, that god and goddess,
 Like sublunary Buli-bodies,
 To make a Woman light as Feather,
 Do lay your learned heads together.
 (s) 'Twas not for nought that I was ever
 Afraid of your two coming hither.
 You, and your little blinking Urchin
 Against this Town have still been lurking;
 (t) But when shall we give ore this pother,
 And leave off vexing one another?
 Be thou but nice, I'll be thy friend,
 (u) Let's marry 'um, and there's and end.
 Thou hast thy with, thy little Archer
 Has made our *Dido* mad as March-hare.
 Then let us all old quarrels quit,
 Leave being such a peevish Tit:
 (x) *Troy* Lads shall marry *Tyrian* Lasses,
 And we will be as merry as passes.

(r) *Tuque puerque tuus : magnum & memorabile nomen,
 Una dolo divum si semina vitta duorum est.*

(s) *Nec me adeo fas sit, veritam te mœnia nostra
 Suspectas habuisse domos Carthaginiis alta.*

(t) *Sed quis erit modus ? aut quo nunc certamine tanto ?*

(u) *Quin potius pacem æternam, passòsque hymenæos
 Exercemus ? habes totâ quod mente peristi.*

*Ardet amans Dido, traxitque per ossa furorem ;
 Communem hunc ergo populum paribusque rogamus
 Auspiciis.*

(x) *liceat Phrygio servire marito,
 Dotalisque tua Tyrios permittere dextra.*

(y) *Venus*

(y) *Venus* who knew the did but glaver,
 For all the fine smooth words she gave her,
 And proffer'd love's not worth a Cow-turd,
 (You know) if spoke but from Teeth outward,
 (z) Like cunning *Quean* in smiles array'd her,
 And in her own Coyn thus she paid her.

O *Juno* Queen, *Jove's* Bedfellow,
 Who here above, or who below,
 (a) With thee would quarrel or contend,
 And not still rest thy loving friend?
 I like the motion well, but that
 (b) There's one main thing I stumble at;
 And that in downright truth is this,
 (*Jove* pardon if I think amiss,)
 I am afraid (this doubt I put ye
 Indeed-law now is something smutty)
 But I the scruple must not smother;
 (Women you know, to one another
 May freely speak) I (here be't said
 'Twixt you and me) am sore afraid,
 My Son's so boysterous, that he
 Perchance may wrong your Majesty.

(y) *Olli* (*sensit enim simulatâ mente locutam*)

(z) *Sic contra est ingressa Venus* ———.

—— (a) *Quis talia demens*

Abnuat? aut tecum multis contendere bello?

(b) *Si modo quod memorat, factum fortuna sequatur;*

Sed satis incerta feror; Ni Jupiter unam

Esse velit ———

(c) *At*

(c) At that Queen *Juno* fini'd and said,
Of that (Wench) never be afraid,
For if they once come one to th' other,
She'l scape as well as did her Mother :

If then that *Dido* and thy son,
To do as other Folks have done,

(d) Thou give consent: (mark) and in few words
Which shall be friendly words and true words ;
I'll tell thee how I've cast about,
And laid a plot to bring 'um to't.

(e) To morrow e'r the Sun(Heaven blefs him)
Can see to rise, at least to dress him,

Aeneas and the Queen have made,
(The Queen and he I should have said)

A match to go after her wonting,
Into the woods a Squirrel-hunting :

Now I, whilest all on every side,
The Thickets round are occupi'd ,

And eagerly their Game are following,
As Hunters use, whooping and hollowing :

(f) Will cause big-bellied Clouds to powre
Upon their Coxcombs such a showre,

———— (c) *Quam sic excepit Regia Juno,*
Mecum erit iste labor : —————

———— (d) *Nunc qua ratione, quod instat,*
Confieri possit, paucis (adverte) docebo.

(e) *Venatum Aeneas, unaque miserrima Dido*
In nemus ire parant, ubi primos crastinus ortus
Extulerit Titan, radiisque retexerit orbem.

(f) *His ego nigrantem commissa grandine nimbis,*
Dum trepidant ala, salusque indagine cingunt,
Desuper infundam —————

And

And will with Rain, and Hail so clout 'um,
They't not have one dry thred about 'um.

(g) Besides, such Thunder-claps shall burst out,
As some of 'um shall smell the worse for't.

(h) *Trojans* and *Tyrians* helter-skelter,
Will then all run to seek for shelter.

Then each one there will shift for one,
And leave the Queen and him alone.

(i) *Dido* and *Bilbo* in this Case,
Shall find a Cave as fit a place

For such an use, so fine and dark,
That if *Æneas* be a spark,

They there in spite of all foul weather,
May take a gentle touch together :

So each of other may have proof,

(k) And marry after time enough.

Venus who very well could fathom
The bottom of this subtle Madam,

Soon smelt her practice, art and plot,

(For you must know the scent was hot)

Yet that she might her malice blind,

And fit the Lady in her kind,

(l) She seems her free consent to give,

And trips it, laughing in her sleeve.

(g) & tonitru cœlum omne ciebo.

(h) Diffugient comites, & nocte regentur opacâ.

(i) Speluncam Dido, dux & Trojannæ eandem
Deveniant : adero, & tua si mihi certa voluntas,
Connubio jungam, &c.

(k) ——— stabili, propriamque dicabo :

Hic Hymenæus erit ———

(l) Non adversata petenti
Annuit, atque dolis risit Cytberæa repertis.

* A very
necessary
instru-
ment in
Squirrel-
hunting.

(m) Mean while the Sun at it his course is,
Got up to dress and water's Horses;
When out the merry Hunters come,
With them a Fellow with a Drum *,
Your *Tyrian* Squirrels will not bugde else,
Well arm'd they were(n) with staves & cudgels,
Tykes too they had of all sorts,(o) Bandogs,
Curs, Spaniels, Water-dogs, and Land-dogs,
(p) These for the Queen expecting tarry,
Who longer lay then ordinary;
For she at night could take no ease,
She had been bit so sore with Fleas.
(q) Her Mare well trapt of her own spinning,
Ty'd to the Pales stood likewise whinnying;
For why (as Poets sing the Fable)
Her Foal was bolted up i'th' Stable.
(r) At last she sallies from the House,
As fine and brisk as Body-Louse.
(s) Shee Hood and Safe-guard had bran-new,
The Lace was Yellow, Cloth was Blew:

(m) *Oceanum interea surgens aurora reliquit:*

It portis jubare exerto delecta juvenus:

Retia yara, plaga

(n) *Lato venabula ferro,*

(o) *Et odora canum vis,*

(p) *Reginam Thalamo cunctantem, ad limina primi
Pernorum expellunt.*

(q) *Atroque insignis & auro.*

Stat sonipes, ac frons ferox spumantia mandit.

(r) *Tandem progreditur:*

(s) *Sidoniam picto, chlamydem circumdata lymbo,*

Fast

fast to her Girdle, ty'd with thong,
 (t) A Bunch of Keyes compleatly hung :
 For why, well knew the thrifty Queen,
 That Servants still have slippery been :
 Which made her careful of her pelf,
 Evermore keep her Keyes her self.

(u) With her *Iulus* came, that Stripling,
 A youth e'n spoyl'd for want of whipping ;
 For's Father and his Foolish Grannam
 Had ever made a Wanton on him :

(x) But when his Sire appear'd in play,
 Mounted upon his Galloway,
 'Tis said by some that better knew him,
 The rest look't like Tooth-Drawers to him :

(y) No sprightly Groom so trim and trick is,
 That just upon preferments prick is,

(z) As was *Aeneas*, Stories say,
 When clad in Clothes of Holy-day.

His Breeches sav'd from *Troys* combustion
 Were Kendal, and his Doublet Fustian ;

(t) *Cui pharetra ex auro ———*
Aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.

———— (u) *Et latius Iulus.*
 ——— (x) *ipse ante alios pulcherrimus omnes*
Insert se socium Aeneas ———

(y) *Qualis ubi hybernâ Lyciam, Xanthique fluentâ*
Deserit, ac Delum maternum invisit Apollo,
Instauratque choros : ———

———— (z) *Mollique fluentem*
Fronde premis crinem fingens atque implicat auro :
 ——— *Haud illo segnior ibat*
Aeneas, sanctum egregio decus enitet ore.

Pinkt with most admirable grace,
 And richly laden with Green Silk lace.
 (a) Athwart his brawny shoulders came
 A Bauldrick made, and trimm'd with th'same;
 Where Twibil hung with Basket-hilt,
 Grown rusty now, but had been gilt:
 Or guilty else of many a thwack,
 With Dudgeon Dagger at his back.
 Upon his head he wore a hat,
 Instead of Sattin, fac'd with fat,
 Which being limber grown, we find
 Most swashingly pin'd up behind;
 With brooch as gawdy and as tall
 As very foremost horse of all.

In best apparel thus array'd,
 They now begin their Cavalcade
 Towards the Woods, (b) where being e'r long
 Arriv'd (for 'twas not past a Furlong
 From *Carthage*, as the Learn'd compute it,
 And let who has been there, confute it)
 They every way disperse themselves,
 To watch the little nimble Elves;
 As who should say, Come this, or that way,
 T'other or any way, have at ye.

The Drummer now 'gan lay about him,
 And all the people fall a shouting,
 Such peals they gave of Men and Boyes,
 A man could hardly hear for noyse;

(a) *Tela sonant humeris* —————

(b) *Postquam altos ventum in montes, atque in via saxa,*
Ecce fera saxi dejecta vertice —————

Nay *Dido* Queen, they swore that heard it,
Shouted as loud as any there did.

(c) The frighted Squirrels stumps belabour
As they had danc'd to Pipe and Tabour;
Skipping and leaping in their dances
From Tree to Tree, o'r boughs and branches,
Now on the utmost top, and then,
At one leap at the root again.

(d) But young *Ascanius* hops o'th' house,
Car'd not for Squirrelling a Louse;
For he's, whilst they are at their chase,
Playing at *Hide and Seek*, or *Base*,
Among his Mates, and wishes rather,
(And so the Stripling told his Father,)
For naughtie Vermine, that would bite him,
Or Throistle neat, though't did —

(e) Mean while the Clouds began to clatter,
And to pour down whole pails of water,

(c) *Decurrere jugis; alia de parte patentes
Transmittunt cursu campos, atque agmina Sq (cervi) Us
Pulverulenta fuga, glomerant, montemq; relinquunt.*

(d) *At puer Ascanius mediis in vallibus acri
Gaudet equo; jamq; hos cursu, jam præterit illos:
Spumantemq; dari (pecora inter inertia) votis
Op'at aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem.*

(e) *Interea magno misceri murmure cælum*

Incipit;

The Thunder quite out-roar'd the Drum,
 (f) And Hail-stones bigger then ones thumb
 Came pelting down. Then all to save 'um,
 Ran as if twenty Devils drave 'um,
 Whilest young *Ascanius* and his Mates,
 Were washt and dasht like Water-Rats.
 Fair *Dido* then for all her whoops
 Bang'd her old Mare about the stoops,
 And jogg'd her buttocks, though a Queen,
 For fear of being wet to th' skin;
 Nay ev'n *Aeneas* self, forgetting
 His reputation, shrunk i'th' wetting,
 And ran, or would have done at least,
 But that his Horse, a sober Beast,
 Proceeded slow, with motion grave,
 And crav'd the spur, in care to save
 His Masters neck, as some suppose,
 Though his care was to save his cloaths.
 He spurr'd; nor yet was *Dido* idle,
 For gingle, gingle, went her Bridle,
 (g) Till Fortune, or Dame *Juno* rather,
 Clapt 'um into a Cave together.

The Cave so darksome was, that I do
 Think *Joan* had been as good as *Dido*:

(f) *Insequitur commissa grandine nimbus,
 Et Tyrii comites passim, & Trojana juvenus,
 Dardaniusque nepos Veneris, diversa per agros
 Tecta metu petiere; ruunt de montibus amnes.*

— fuisse ignes —

(g) *Speluncam Dido, dux & Trojanus eandem
 Deveniunt; prima & Tellus & pronuba Juno
 Dant signum* —

But so it was, in that hole they
Grew intimate, as one may say :
The Queen was blith, as Bird in Tree,
And bill'd as wantonly, whilst he
(h) By hinlock seizing fast occasion ,
Slipt into *Dido's* conversation :
And in that very place and season,
'Tis thought *Æneas* did her reason.

(i) This sport of mischief much was cause,
For sweet meat will have sowre sauce ;
And there their time in Cave so spending,
Beginning was of *Dido's* ending.
Her Majesty now no more nice is ;
(k) Nor seeks she now by fine devices
To hide her shame, but leads a life,
As if they had been (l) man and wife.

(m) At this a Wench call'd *Fame* flew out
To all the good Towns round about.
This *Fame* was daughter to a Cryer,
That whilom liv'd in *Carthage-shire*,

————— (h) *Conscius alber*
Conjugii —————

(i) *Ille dies primus leibi, primusque malorum*
Causa fuit —————

————— (k) *Neque enim specie famæ moverur.*
Nec jam furtivum Dido meditatur amorem.

(l) *Conjugium vocat, hoc prætexit nomine culpam.*

(m) *Extemplo Lybia magnas is fama per urbes :*
Fama —————

(n) A little prating Slut, no thought,
 When *Dido* first arriv'd at *Tyre*,
 Then this-----But in a few years space
 Grown up a lusty trapping Lais.
 A long and lazie Quean I ween,
 She was, brought up to Sew, nor Spin,
 Nor any kind of Housewifery,
 To get an honest living by ;
 (o) But sauntred idly up and down,
 From House to House, and Town to Town ,
 To spie and listen after news,
 Which she so mischievously brews,
 That still what e'r she sees or hears,
 Sets Folks together by the ears.

(p) This Baggage that still took a pride to
 Slander and back-bite poor Queen *Dido* ;
 Because the Queen once on detection,
 Sent her to th' Mansion of Correction.

(q) Glad she had got this tale by th' end,
 Runs me about to Foe and Friend ;

(n) *Parva metu primo, mox sese attollit in auras ;
 Ingrediturque solo, & caput inter nubila condit.*
Aobilitate reges, viresque acquirit eundo.

——(o) *Pedibus celerem, & pernicibus alii ;
 Cui tot vigiles oculi* ———

Tot lingue, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures.

(p) *Monstrum horrendum, ingens* ———

(q) *Hæc tum multiplici populos sermone replebat,
 Gaudens,* ———

(r) And

(r) And tells 'um that a Fellow came
 From *Troy*, or such a kind of Name,
 To *Tyre*, about a Fortnight since,
 Whom *Dido* feasted like a Prince :
 Was with her alwayes, day and night,
 Nor could endure him from her sight,
 And that 'twas thought she meant to marry him
 (s) At this rate talk'd the foul-mouth'd carrion !

(t) At last she does t' *Iarbas* go,
 (u) She never in such things was slow,
 And tells him all. Now this *Iarbas*,
 For *Dido*'s love was in a hard case,
 And had been long. Oft did he woe her,
 And did the best he could do to her :
 But still in vain he broke his mind,
 'Twas throwing stones against the wind ;
 For though she wise and wealthy knew him,
Dido had nothing to say to him.
 'Tis true, the field he had great Flocks on,
 Sheep, Goats, and Cowes, Horses and Oxen ;

(r) *Venisse Æneam Trojano à sanguine cretum ;*
Cui se pulchra viro dignetur iungere Dido.

Nunc hyemem inter se lxxu, quam longa, fovere,
Regnorum immemores, turpique cupidine captos.

(s) *Hac passim dea sæde virum diffundit in ora.*

(t) *Protinus ad regem cursus derorquet Iarbam ;*

(u) *Fama malum quo non aliud velocius ullum.*

Hic Ammone satum ———

Centum aras posuit ———

————— *Pecudumq; cruore*

Pingue solum & variis floreat limina fertu.

With

With money store, and other riches ;
 But one foul flaw he had in's Breeches
 That spoyl'd all ; For she had heard the thing,
 One time as she was Gossiping :
 As in such matters, while you live,
 Women will be inquisitive :
 Which was, that he (as Story tells)
 A Rupture had, or somewhat else :
 But 'twas enough to make her hate him,
 Nay even as 'twere abominate him.
 When fame had told him of the Trojan,
 (y) *Iarbas* took it in such dudgeon,
 Such high abuse, and evil part,
 He almost could have found in's heart
 T'have ta'n his Knife, or else his Hanger,
 But yet the man had wit in's anger :
 And since to curse it was no boot,
 He'd try if praying would not do't,
 (z) And therefore thus in heavy chear,
 Made his case known to *Jupiter*.

(a) O *Jupiter* most great and able,
 Whose health I every day at Table
 Drink once or twice ! Dost thou (O where is
 Thy sight !) not see, what doings here is !

(y) *Isque amens animi, & rumore accensus amaro.*

(z) *Dicitur ante aras* —————

Multa Jovem manibus supplem orasse supinis :

(a) *Jupiter omnipotens, cui nunc Maurusiapiæis*

Genus epulætoris Lenæum libat honorem,

Aspicias hæc ? an te genitor cum fulmina torques,

Nequisquam horremus ?

(b) Shall

(b) Shall we when thou thunderſt, doſt think,
So as to ſowre all our drink;

And when the Clouds in Storms do burſt,
Not care, but bid thee do thy worſt!

(c) A wandring woman that had ſcarce
A rag to hang upon her ———

When ſhe came hither firſt; and wou'd
Have then been glad to work for food,
Is now forſooth, ſo proud (what elſe!)

And ſtands ſo on her pantables,

(d) That ſhe has ſaid me nay moſt ſlightly,
And (on the very nonce to ſpite me)

Has marry'd a ſpruce youth they ſay,
(Whom ſome ill wind blew that away)

One Squire *Æneas*; a great Kelf,
Some wandring Hangman like her ſelf;

(e) And now this Swabber, by the maskins,
Has *Dido* by the Gally-Gaskins,

Whileſt I (for ſtill thou deafiſh art to't)

May pray, and pray, and pray my heart out.

————— (b) *Cœlique in nubibus ignes*
Ternificant animos —————

————— *Ec inania murmura miſcent;*

(c) *Fœmina, quæ noſtris errans in finibus* —————

————— (d) *Connubia noſtra*

Reppulit, ac dominum Æneam in regna recepit.

(e) *Et nunc ille Paris* —————

————— *Rapto potitur; nos munerat templis*

Quippo tuis fertur, famamque fovemus inanem.

(f) Thus

- (f) Thus wondrously *Terbas* pray'd,
 Whilst *Jove* heard every word he said;
 And turning straight his eyes to *Tyre*,
 To look for *Dido*, and her Squire,
 All in a Chamber finely matted,
 He very fairly spy'd 'um squatted.
 At which as 'twere, somewhat in fury,
 He calls his nimble youth *Mercury*,
 And thus bespake him; Sirrah, hear ye,
 Put on the wings that use to bear ye,
 Away to *Carthage*; there's a stranger,
 A *Trojan* lies at Rack and Manger:
 (h) Tell him from me, that his smug Mother
 Did pass her word that he another
 Manner of life and conversation
 Should lead, and leave this occupation.
 (i) Or twice the *Grecian* Cavaleers
 Had beaten's brains about his ears,
-

(f) *Talibus orantem diſſis, arasque tenentem*
Audiit omnipotens; oculosque ad mœnia torſit
Regia, & obliſos fama melioris amantes.

(g) *Tunc ſic Mercurium alloquitur, ac talia mandat,*
Vade, age, nate, voca Zephyros, & labere pennis,
Dardaniumq; ducem, Tyria Carthagine qui nunc
Expeſtat — —

Alloquere, & celeres deſer mea diſſa per auras.

(h) *Non illum nobis genetrix pulcherrima talem*
Promiſſit — —

— (i) *Gratumque ideo bis vindicat armis.*

E'r this : and tell him more (*) that he,
 Who means to conquer *Italy*,
 Must with his work go thorow stitches,
 And not run hunting after Bitches :
 (k) But if he will not venture's pate,
 A rap or two for an Estate,
 As by his pranks it doth appear ,
 (l) Methinkes though he might do't for's heir :
 (m) Ask what the Devil 'tis he means,
 To spend his time thus among Queans ;
 Not minding mischiefs, nor mishaps ,
 Nor fearing *Dido's* after-claps.
 (n) Bid him be trudging he were best ;
 If I come to him, I protest,
 I'll send him packing else such new-wayes,
 He shall remember me these two dayes.
 (o) This said, *Jove* need not bid him twice,
 Away he trips it in a trice,

(*) *Sed fore qui gravidam imperiū belloque fremens
 Italiam regeret, genus alto à sanguine Teucrī*

Proderet, & totum sub leges mitteret orbem :

(k) *Si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum,
 Nec super ipse suā molitur laude laborem.*

(l) *Ascanione pater Romanas invidit arces,
 Nec prolem Ansoniam, & Lavinia respicit arva ?*

(m) *Quid struit ? aut qua spe inimica in gente moratur ?*

(n) *Naviget : hac summa est, hic nostri nuncius esto,*

(o) *Dixerat. Ille patris magni parere parabat
 Imperio*

To

(p) To make him ready to be gone :
 And first his pumps he fastned on ;
 Which being neatly pinckt and cut,
 And finely fitted to his foot :
 Had wings ty'd on with thongs of Leather,
 Or Taching ends, I know not whether,
 Which he could fly withall as well,
 As he'd been brought up to't from th' shell.

(q) Then in his hand he takes a thick Bat.
 With which he us'd to play at Kit-cat ;
 To beat mens Apples from their Trees,
 With twenty other rogueries ;
 Besides (as Rake-hells will abuse dayes)
 To throw at Cocks upon *Shrove-Tuesdays*.

(r) Thus dight, he like a Partridge springs,
 Cutting the air with nimble wings :
 'Twas well his care had ty'd 'um fast,
 Else ten to one he'd flown his last :
 No Swallow could have over-gone him,
 He flew as if a Hawk had flown him,
 Until he saw a very high Hill,
 A higher Hill by far then my Hill ;

(p) *Et primum pedibusalaria nectit
 Aurea : qua sublimem alis sive aquora supra,
 Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.*

(q) *Tum virgam capit ; hac animas ille evocat Orco.
 Pallentes, alias sub tristia Tartara mittit,
 Dat somnos adimitq; & lumina morte resignat.*

(r) *Illa fretum agit ventos, & turbida tranat
 Nubila*

(s) *Atlas*

(s) *Atlas* 'twas call'd ; So high a one
 That *Pen-men-maure*'s a Cherry-stone
 Compar'd : you could not thrust a knife
 'Tixt Heaven and it, to save your life ;
 (t) It props the skie, as *Virgil* marks,
 Or else 'tis thought we should have Larks :
 (u) Here first did *Mercury* alight,
 To bait, and rest him after's flight ;
 Where having prun'd his heels a little,
 And smooth'd his Plumes with * fasting spittle, * Tis conceiv'd he
 (x) From thence he took another freak, did that
 As if he meant to break his neck. before he
 (y) Even as a Hawk her self doth carry baited.
 From Kill-ducks place to stoop her Quarry :
 So *Mercury* to Mortal view,
 Himself from *Atlas* headlong threw,
 Stones cast by fam'd *Parisian* slinger ;
 Compar'd to him, would seem to linger ;
 And Arrows loos'd from *Grub-street* Bow
 In *Finsbury*, to him are slow :

— (s) *Famque volans apicem, & latera ardua cernit*
Atlantis duri,

— (t) *Cælum qui vertice fulcit.*

(u) *Hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis*
Constitit :

(x) — *Hinc toto præcepit se corpore ad undas*
Misit ;

(y) *vi similis qua circum littora circum*
Pisces scopulos humilis volat aquor æquæ :
Haud aliter terras inter, cælumque volabat
Littus arenosum Lybiæ, ventosque secabat.

Nay Lightning darted from above,
 With flaming tail from angry *Jove*,
 Would in comparison appear,
 To creep like lazie loyterer.

(z) The first place after this vagary,
 He lighted on, was *Dido's* Dairy;
 Whence he *Æneas* soon did spie,
 Ord'ring her Highness husbandry:
 He took upon him as her Spouse,
 And vapour'd like the man o'th' house;
 For all that time, as't came to pass,
 In quarrel high engag'd he was,
 And ready in his fumigation
 (As Histories do make relation)
 To fall to logger-heads, as't appears,
 With a few saucie Carpenters,
 Who building were a House of Ease,
 For *Dido* in necessities:
 They would not follow his advice,
 (As Workmen still are over-wise)
 Which made him foam, and flirt out spittle,
 Because they made the holes too little.
 (a) Down hanging by his side he had
 A dangerous bright-brown flashing Blade,
 'T had been new furbusht up at *Tyre*,
 A better never pass'd the fire.

(z) *Is primum alaris tetigit Magnalia plantis;
 Æneam fundantem arces, ac tecta novantem
 Conspicit: —————*

(a) *illi stellaris jaspide salva
 Ensis erat —————*

(b) A Jacket on his back he wore,
 Lin'd through and through with Coney-Furr,
 Given as a Present by the Queen :
 It had indeed her Husbands been ;
 But neither by the Nap, nor tearing,
 Was it a pin the worse for wearing:
 This (as of either Queen or King,
 Vile People will be censuring)
 Was given *Æneas* for a Charm ;
 And though the Queen might think no harm ;
 Yet some have giv'n a parlous hint,
 Of a strange hidden vertue in't.
 Equip't thus fine, *Mercury* found him,
 (c) And roundly in his ear thus round him.

Thou here thy self most busie makes,
 In building for the Queen a Jakes ;
 But never think'st, such is thy wiseness,
 What shall become of thine own business ;
 The Thunder-thumper, who by threaves,
 Makes men to quake like Aspen-leaves ;
 (d) He whom the rest o'th' Gods do honour,
 Has sent me from *Olympus* Manor.

(b) *Tyriog; ardebat murice Lana*
Demissa ex humeris : Dives qua munera Dido
Fecerat, & tenui telas discreverat auro.

(c) *Continuo invadit : tu nunc Carthaginiis alta*
Fundamenta locas, pulchramque uxoribus urbem
Exstruis, (heu) regni rerumq; oblite in arum.

Ipse deum tibi me claro demittit Olympo
Regnator, cælum & terras qui numine torquet.

(d) *Ipse hac ferre jubet celeres mandata per auras,*
Quid struis ? aut quâ spe Lybich teris otia terris ?

To ask thee what thou do'st intend,
Thy time thus wickedly to spend;
And loyter here like a Hum-drum,
Not caring what thou dost, nor whom.

(e) He sayes, though fearful, as a stranger,
Thy Cox-comb thoult not bring in danger,
To mend thy state, nor get thy living
By any honest way of thriving: (care

(f) He thinks though thou mightst take some
Of him that is thy Son and Heir,
And not thrash here like Bore unworthy,
When he has made provision for thee.

(g) Mercury vanisht, having spoke as
Yave heard: like any Hocus-Pocus,
And homeward did forthwith aspire,
Nor ever stay'd to drink at Tyre.

(h) But Don Aeneas at the vision
Was in a very sad condition;
He could not speake to Foe or Friend,
And ere his Hair did stand on end

(e) Si te nulla movet tantarum gloria rerum
Nec super ipse tuâ — &c. —

(f) Ascanium surgentem, & spes haredis Iuli
Respice: cui regnum Italia, Romanaq; tellus
Debentur.

(g) Tali Cyllenius ore locutus,
Mortales visus medio sermone reliquit,
Et procul in tennem ex oculis evannit auram.

(h) At vero Aeneas aspectu obmutuit amens,
Arreâque horrore coma, & vox faucibus hæsit.

So stiff, it thrust his Hat so far
 Above his head into the air,
 'That a great Turkey might have flown
 Betwixt his Bonnet and his Crown.
 Half frightened out on's little wit,
 (i) He now had eggs (i'faith) o'th' spit,
 'Till he was gone: (k) But how (alafs!)
 To break the matter to her Grace,
 He knew no more, the bashful Groom,
 Then did the furthest man of *Rome*,
 (l) Nor could he frame him to begin,
 T' appease that loving soul the *Queen*:
 For nought more vexes Womens blouds,
 'Then to be left so in the fuds.
 In this quandary, scratching's pate,
 After a pensive long debate
 He calls, at last, his Fellow-Rake-hells,
 (n) And bids 'um get their tools and tackles,
 Aboard their Wherries, and be heedful
 To lay in all things that were needful,

(i) *Ardet abire fuga* ———

(k) *Heu! quid agat?* ———

——— (l) *Quo nunc Reginam ambire furentem*

Audeat affatu? quæ prima exordia sumat?

Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,

In partesque rapit varias ———

(n) *Classem aptent taciti, socios ad litora cogant,*

Arma parent, ———

Especially meat : (o) but flow it
 So secretly, that none might know it ;
 That on occasion in a trice Sir,
 They might be gone, and none the wiser ;
 And since he humbly did conceive,
 To steal away and take no leave,
 Would be uncivil, and enough
 To tear a heart though made of Buff :
 He was resolv'd to take the Queen,
 (p) When set upon some merry pin,
 And tell her plain with vows most fervent,
 He was her Graces humble Servant.

(q) But *Dido*, *Carthage* Queen (for who
 Can think to cheat a Woman so ?)
 Was soon I warrant you, aware
 O'th' slippery trick he meant to play her.
 'Tis true she ever had been jealous
 Of all such vagrant kind of Fellows,
 And kept her things safe under lock,
 E'r since the stealing of her smock :
 But now to add unto her fear ,
 She had it buzz'd into her ear
 (r) By that mischievous prating Whore,
Fame, that I told you of before ;

(o) *Et qua sit rebus causa novandis,*
Disimulens : quando interea optima Dido
Nesciat :

(p) *Et qua mollissima fandi*
Tempora, quis rebus dexter modus

(q) *At Regina dolos (quis fallere possit amantem ?)*

(r) *Præsensit, motusque excepit prima futuros,*
Omnia tuta timens

(s) Not

(s) Not, as they say, out of good will,

But to be brewing mischief still,

That he for all his fair pretences

(t) Had greas'd his Boots, and washt his benches,

And now was ready set on wheels,

To shew a nimble pair of heels.

(u) This sudden news, I do assure ye,

Put *Dido* in a desp'rate fury,

And made her frisk about and gad,

That all her people thought her mad ;

Whilst she from house to house did flie,

As she had run with *Hue* and *Crie*.

(x) Even as a Philly never ridden,

When by the Jockie first bestridden,

If naughty Boy do thrust a Nettle

Under her Dock, to try her mettle,

Does rise and plunge, curvet and kick,

Enough to break her riders neck ;

Even so Queen *Dido* at that tide,

Laying all majesty aside,

Play'd such mad freaks, that well were they

Could furthest get out of her way.

Thus flinging round from place to place,

At last, to make it short, her Grace

——— (s) *Eadem impia fama juveni*
Detulit———

——— (t) *Armari classem, cursumque parari.*

(u) *Sedit inops animi, totaque incensa per urbem*
Bacchatur———

——— (x) *Qualis commotis excita sacris*
Thyas, ubi audito stimulant Trieterica Baccho
Orgia, nocturnusque vocat clamore Cytharon,

Finds me amongst a crew of Mad-Caps,
Æneas, at one Mother Red-Caps.

Well overta'n (quothe she) halt weeping,
 (y) *Æneas*, thou'rt a precious Pepin,
 To think to steal so slyly from me,
 When thou hast had thy foul will o' me, (thee,
 (z) Could not my love (thou Knave) have staid
 Nor yet the promise thou hast made me :
 Nor that thou know'lt if thou wert gone,
 My work would all be left undone;
 But that thou'lt sink away, thou Varlet,
 And leave me like forsaken Harlot ?

(a) In Winter too, o'r blust'ring Seas,

When it 'twixt two a Bed doth freeze ?

(b) What though thou hadst, as thou hast none,
 A House to go to, of thine own,
 Couldst finde yet in thy heart to b'reave me
 Of thy dear Company, and leave me ?

(c) By this last Rhume thou scest that wets
 My cheeks, and by thy hand that sweats,

(y) *Tandem his Æneam compellat vocibus ultra ;*

(z) *Disſimulare etiam ſperavi per fide, tantum
 Poſſe neſas ? ſaci uſq; meâ decedere terrâ,
 Nec te noſter amor, nec te data dextera quondam*

Teneri ?

(a) *Quinetiam hyberno moliris ſydere claſſem,
 Et mediis properas Aquilonibus ire per alium ;
 Cruſelis,*

(b) *Quid ſi non arva aliena, domoſque
 Ignotas peteres ?*

Mene fugis ?

(c) *Per ego has lachrymas, dextramque tuam te,
 Per Connubia noſtra, per incaptor hymenæos,*

I'm

I'm breif, by the whole matters Carriage ;

And by the Earnest of our Marriage :

And by those sweet delights we stole,

When the rain drove thee into th' hole,

(d) If ought there pleas'd thee, or since any

Other delights, as we have had many,

I do beseech thee *Trojan* fine,

Not to undo both me, and mine.

(e) For thy sweet sake the Knavish *Lydians*,

The *Tyrians*, and the vile *Numidians*,

In midst of which is my abode,

Hate me, as one would hate a Toad.

For thee I first forewent all shame,

(f) And that I liv'd by my good name ;

And wilt thou having spent thy ardour,

And eat me out of house and harbour,

(g) So basely to my foes betray me,

And neither stay with me, nor pay me ?

(d) *Si bene quid te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam
Dulce meum, misere domos labentis* —

Orosi quis adhuc precibus locus —

(e) *Te propter Lybicæ gentes, Nomadumque Tyranni
Odere insensè Tyti; te propter eundem*

Exin illi pudor —

— (f) *Et quæ solâ sidera adibam,*

Fama prior —

— (g) *Cui me moribundam deseris hospes.*

(h) No ſooner ſhall thy back be turn'd,
 But all my Building will be burn'd;
 That Rogue *Pygmalion* will ha' me,
 Or elſe *Iarbas* here will ta' me.
 If (as we oft have ventur'd it,)
 I had but a big belly yet,
 A little *Trojan* coming on,
 To play withal when thou art gone,
 Then let the Rogues do what they durſt do,
 I ſhould have ſomething yet to truſt to.

Æneas ta'ne thus baſely tardy,

(i) Turn'd pale, and like a ſtick't Pig ſtar'd ye:
 He could not ſtand upright but lean,
 One might have fell'd him with a Bean;
 Nay he was ſtruck ſo at her ſpeeches,
 Some ſay he did defile his Breeches,
 His Bowels did ſo yearn upon her;
 But being that may wound his honour,
 I'll not affirm it; but proceed
 To tell you what he ſaid and did;
 Much was he mov'd at *Dido's* words (ſwords:
 Which ſtab'd him through and through like
 Much griev'd to ſee her weep and ſob ſo,
 To throw about her ſnot and throb ſo:

(h) *Quid moror? an mea Pygmalion dum mœnia fratres
 Deſt uat? aut captam ducat Gerulus Iarbas?
 Saltem ſiqua mihi de te ſuſcepta fuiſſet
 Ante ſugam ſoboles, ſiquis mihi parvulus aula
 Luderet Æneas —*

Non equidem omnino capta, aut deſerta viderer.

—— (i) *Ille immota tenebat
 Lumina, & obnixus curam ſub corde premebat.*

But

But *Merc'ries* Message more prevailing
 Then her colloquing or her railing,
 After a many fine good-morrows,
 (k) He thus began to salve her sorrows.

Should I (quoth he) O Queen, deny,
 That thou'rt the flower of *Curtelie*;
 Or any slanders vile contrive,
 I were the basest Knave alive.
 I must confess that thou, O Queen,
 To me and to us all hast been
 More like a Mother than a friend,
 So much I'll say, and there's an end;

(l) And if I ever do forget ye,
 Or fail to drink a health to *Betty*,
 Let me be hang'd as high, or higher
 'Then top of *Carthage* Steeple Spire:
 (m) Few words are best; if you'll be civil,
 I'll tell the truth, and shame the Devil.

(n) I ne'r had thought, much less desire
 Basely to build a S. once at *Tyre*,

(k) *Tandem pauca refert, Ecce te, qua plurima fando
 Enumerare vales, nunquam Regina negabo
 Promeritam* ———

—————(l) *Nec me meminisse pigebit Elisa,
 Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritum hos reget artus.*

(m) *Pro re pauca loquor:* ———

—————(n) *Necego hanc abscondere furto
 Speravi (ne finge) fugam* ———

And

And steal away from thee my honey.
 (o) But for the thing call'd Matrimoney,
 Although I did the thing you wot,
Jove be my Judge I meant it not.
 Indeed I took it for a kindness,
 To be familiar with your Highness.
 But if I ever thought of other,
 Then one good turn requires another ;
 Or on such terms e'r gave my fist,
 I'm th' arrantst Rogue that ever pist.
 (p) I must confess that if it lay
 In my own power, as one may say,
 That I had some good bargain made,
 And bound my son here to a Trade,
 Plac'd all my followers, and therefore
 Had no one but my self to care for ;
 I would as willing match with you,
 As any Woman that I know :
 (q) But as things stand, I needs must follow
 The Counsel of my Friend *Apollo*,
 Who sends me word I must convey me
 To *Lycia* with all speed that may be,
 Where by a dainty Rivers side,
 A Farm lies ready cut and dry'd

(o) *nec conjugis unquam
 Pretendi tadas, aut hac in fœdera veni.*
 (p) *Me si fata meū paterentur ducere vitam
 Auspiciis, & sponte meā componere curas.*
 (q) *Sed nunc Italiam magnam Gryneus Apollo,
 Italiam Lyciæ jussere capeffere sortes,
 Hic amor, hac patria est* —————

Will

Will hold both me, and all my meany,
And cheap as forty eggs a peny,
There then in downright truth do I
Intend to live and occupy ;

(r) And if so be that you, who are sage,
Delight so in your Town of *Carthage* :
Why should it be in us so great sin,
Who have no House to thrust our heads in
To travel to a forrign Nation,
For some convenient habitation ?

(s) I can no sooner go anights
To Bed (*Jove* bless us all from sprights)
But that e'r I can frame to snore,
My Fathers Ghost comes through the dore,
Though shut as sure as hands can make it,
And leads me such a fearful racket ;
I stew all night in my own grease,
So that your Maids may, if they please,
Wring from the Shirt wherein I wallow,
Each morning-tile, as much good tallow
As well would liquor all their sandals,
And make beside six pound of Candles.

(r) *si te Carthaginis arces
Phanisset, Lybicæque aspectus detinet urbis,
Quæ tandem Ausoniâ Teucros conscidere terra
Invidia est ? & nos fas externa querere Regna.*
(s) *Me patris Anchisæ, quoties, humenribus umbris
Nox operit terras, quoties astra ignea surgunt,
Admonet in somnis, & turbida terret Imago ;
Me puer Ascanius* —————

And

And all this is to have me gone,
 And not stay here t' undo my Son;
 (t) Besides, not past an hour ago,
 Jove sent his Lacquay to me too;
 I saw him fly, I'll (u) take my oath,
 (And man has but his Faith and Troth)
 As plainly o'r your Dairy top,
 As e'r I saw him on the Rope :
 And heard him speak as plain but e'n now,
 As I hear you, or you hear me now.
 (x) Then let me be so much beholding
 Unto your Grace to leave your scolding;
 For I this Voyage undertake,
 Even like a Bear that's drawn to th' Stake.

(y) This said, the Queen in wrathful wise,
 Rowling about her goggle-eyes,
 As she would throw 'um in his face,
 Unto her fury thus gave place.

Stinkard (quoth she) now thy false heart
 Shews what a cheating Knave thou art :

(t) *Nunc etiam interpres divum Jove missus ab ipso*
 ——— *Celeres mandata per auras*
Derulit: ———

(u) *Tessor utrumque caput* ———
 ——— *Ipse Deum manifesto in lumine vidi*
Intrantem muros, vocemque his auribus hausi.

(x) *D. sine mequetuis incendere teque querelis;*
Italiam non sponte sequor.

(y) *Tulsa dicentem jamdudum aversa tuetur,*
Huc illuc, volvens oculos, totumque pererrat
Luminibus tacitis, & sic accepta profatur.

The

The symptoms of a Rogue thou hast all,
Thou a true *Trojan*, thou a Rascal !

(z) No Man or Woman of good fashion,
E'r coupl'd for thy procreation;

But whelp thou wert of Tinkers Bitch,
Under some Hedge, or in some Ditch :

Nay, I'll not balk you Sir ; nor care,

For all you look so big and stare :

Let thy foul hide with malice burst,

I do defie thee, do thy worst.

(a) Instead of sighing in this case,

Full sowre thou helchest in my face ;

And thou so stubborn art and canker'd,

Thou shedst no tears, but tears o'th' Tankerd.

Hadst thou but counterfeited passion,

To signifie commiseration,

Or offer'd but a sowre face, it

Had been a sign of some small grace yet ;

But like a Logger-headed Lubber,

Thou grinning standst, and seest me blubber ;

(b) And *Jove* nor *Juno*, for ought I see,

Will neither of 'um both chastise thee.

(Z) *Nec te diva parens, generis nec Dardanus author.
Perfide : sed duris genuit te cauitibus horrens
Caucasus, Hyrcanaeque admorunt ubera Tigres.
Nam quid dissimulo ?*

(a) *Num fletu ingemuit nostro ? num lumina flexit ?
Num lacrymas vultus dedit ? aut miseratus amantem est ?*

—————(b) *Famjam nec maxima Juno,
Nec Saturnius hac oculis pater aspicit aquis.*

(c) There's

(c) There's no truth in this Age we live in :
 A wand'ring Beggar hither driven ;
 Who had, when weak as he could crawl,
 No croſs to bleſs himſelf withal ;
 I have receiv'd to Bed and Board,
 Feaſted, and clad him like a Lord,
 (d) And (like a ſimple hair-brain'd Jade)
 This Youth hail-fellow with me made :
 And now forſooth he cannot ſtay,
Apollo bids him run away.

(e) Nay though I have in friendly wiſe
 Cur'd his mens Scabs, and kill'd their Lice,
 Yet having now fall'n to his lot,
 A good rich Farm lies piping hot :
 Should he ſtay here, it would undo him,
 And *Jove* has ſent his Foot-man to him ;
 As if the Deities were ſo
 Concern'd, they'd nothing elſe to do,
 But ſend their Lacquayes and their Pages,
 To him on How-de's and Meſſages.

But I'll waſte on thee no more breath,
 For whom the wind that fumes beneath,

(c) *Nuſquam tuta fides ! ejeſtum littore egentem*
Excepi,

————— (d) *Et regni demens in parte locavi :*
 ————— *Nunc augur Apollo.*

(e) *Amiſſam claſſem, ſocios à monte reduxi,*

(f) *Nunc Lyciæ ſortes, nunc & Jove miſſus ab ipſo* (2)

Interpres divûm fert horrida juſſa per auras ;

Scilicet in ſuperis labor eſt, ea cura quætos

Sollicitat —————

Is far too sweet: Avant thou slave!

Thou lying Cony-catching Knave,

Be moving, do as thou hast told me!

(g) No body here intends to hold thee!

(h) Go! seek thy Farm, I hope 'twill be

I'th' very bottom of the Sea:

But should'st thou scape, and not in Dike lye,

Drown'd like a Puppy, as 'tis likely,

Since in the Proverb old 'tis found,

Who's born to hang, will ne'r be drown'd:

Yet should'st thou not be much the nigher,

(i) I'll haunt the like a going fire,

As soon as I can turn t' a Ghost,

Which will be in a Week at most:

Then in the mid-night sleep I'll Wake thee,

And ride thee worse then any Hackney.

I'll terrifie thee day and night;

Nay if thou do'st but go to ——

There will I stand with flaming Taper,

To Fizze thy Tail in stead of Paper.

(k) I'll make thee rue the time that e're

Thou cam'st to play thy Knaves tricks here.

(g) *I sequere Italiam ventis* ——

—— *Neque retereo* ——

—— (h) *Pete regna per undas.*

Spero equidem mediis ——

Supplicia hausurum scopulis ——

—— (i) *Sequitur aris ignibus absens:*

Et cum frigida mors animam seduxerit artem,

Omnibus umbra locis adero. ——

—— (k) *Dabis improbe penas.*

(l) In middle of this wrathful speech
Down drops Queen *Dido* on her Breech :
Her mouth was stopt, and on the ground
She silent lay in doleful swoond :
Shut were her eyes ; nor had she hearing,
For what *Æneas* was (m) preparing,
Upon this pitiful occasion,
To say in's own justification.

In haste the *Trojans* all advance
To 'wake her Grace out of her Trance ;
They try'd to raise her in such sort,
As when men cry, *Le corps est mort* :
But here the Charm would not prevail,
They could not raise her from her tail :
For though full light when her own Woman,
Yet in this heavy dump was no man
Could raise her up, though ne'r so mighty,
Sorrow had made her bum so weighty.

(n) At last a crew of strapping Jades,
That were, or should have been her Maids,
Gath'ring her up, away convey'd her,
And having in her own bed laid her,
With Ruggs they boulder'd her about,
To try if she could sweat it out.

(l) *Hic medium dictis sermonem abruptis & auras
Ægra fugit* —————

(m) *Linquens multa metu cunctantem, & multa parantem
Dicere* —————

————— (n) *Suscipiunt famule, collapsaq; membra
Marmoreo referunt thalamo, stratiq; reponunt.*

(o) *Æneas*

(o) *Æneas* though 'twas his desire,
 Something t' have said might pacifie her,
 And though his heart did bleed within him,
 ' To think of what had past between 'um,
 (p) Yet because *Jove* so loud did threaten,
 He sooner durst his nails have eaten,
 Having so terribly been chidden,
 Then not t' have done as he was bidden.
 Therefore in haste his hostess beck'ning,
 To come and bring 'um in a reck'ning;
 Strait to the Wharff repairs the hot-shot,
 (q) Without once calling for his shot-pot.

The *Trojans* now by his Commission,
 Lanch all their Boats with-expedition;
 ' You now upon the Ocean might see, (ly :
 (r) The new greas'd wherries swim most light-
 They had new made 'um fine long Poles,
 New pitcht their Oars, and made new thoules;
 Though many things were left undone,
 (s) They were so eager to be gone.

(o) *At pium Æneas, quanquam lenire dolentem*
Solando cupit. & dictis avertere curas,
Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactum amore :

(p) *Fussa tamen divum exequitur* —————

(q) *Classémq; revisit.*

Tum vero Tæneri incumbunt & litoræ celsas
Deducunt toto naves : —————

(r) *Natat uncta carina :*
Frondentèsq; serunt remos, & robora silvis
Infabricata —————

(s) *Fuge studio.*

H

(t) Then

(t) Then might you see 'um make their Sallies
From Carthage Town, through Lanes and Allies,
Stealing away with lewd intentions,
To cheat the Tyrians of their Pensions,
Fearing their Lanladies would brabble,
And dun 'um for their Quarters Table.

(u) As Hedge-hogs when they go to th' Wood,
To fetch a hoard of Winter-tood,
Return well laden with their Victles,

Fine yellow Crabs stuck round their prickles:
Even so the Trojans without doubt,
Were at this season hung about

With Fardles, Bundles, Bags and Wallets,
To cloath their Backs, and teed their Pallats.

(x) But what thought *Dido* in this case,
When thus she saw them slink their wayes.

From Garret-Window saw 'um row,
And heard 'um crying *Eastward Hoe!*

(y) To see how love makes Folks do things,
Against the Hair, against the shins!

(t) *Migrantes cernas, totâque ex urbe ruentes.*

(u) *Ac veluti ingentem formicæ farris acervum
Cum populant, hyemis memores, teâque reponunt.*

—— *It campis agmen, prædâque per herbas
Conveſtant caſſe anguſto, pars grandia trudent
Obnixæ frumenta humeris, pars* ——

(x) *Quis tibi tunc Dido cernent italia ſenſus?*

—— *Cum liſtora ſervere late
Proſpiceres arce ex ſumma, totumque videres
Diſceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus aquor.*

(y) *Improbe AMOR, quid non mortalia peſſera cogis?*

For

it is good and I go g
 up to them

y

For the though full of Indignation,
To be forsaken in this fashion;
And had she known but how to get him,
Could doubtless without salt have eat him:

Yet ne'rtheless, Love over-ruling,
(z) She fell again to her old puling;
And once more meant to try if pity
Would not recall him to the City.

(a) Look thee (quoth she) where he (my Nancy)
Whose able parts I do much fanse,
Has trust up all his Tools together,
To carry 'um the Lord knows whither.

(b) Hark how his Rabble Gang do shout,
And shove a stern to hasten out;
A rout of base unthankful Peasants!
The Devil cut their yelping weazens:
The Bawling Rascals egg him on,
And make him madder to be gone.
Had I once dreamt the *Tearing* Devil
Could ever have been so uncivil,
Thus like a Jade to break his Teather;
I should have kept my leggs together:
Or have made bold t' have ty'd him faster,
To the due limits of his Pasture:

(z) *Ire iterum in lacrymas, iterum tentare precando
Cogitur* — — —

Nequid in expertum frustra moritura relinquit.

(a) *Anna, vides toto properari littore circum:*

— — — (b) *Vocat jam carbasum auris,
Puppibus & lathi nauta imposuere coronas.*

(c) But since he holds me at this distance,
I beg thy sisterly assistance :

Thou know'st the temper of the Block-head,
And to a hair canst fit his pocket :

Therefore (dear Nancy) I implore thee,
If e'r thou'lt do any thing for me,

(d) Run to the Wharff with might and main,
And try to bring him back again :

I promise thee, and if I break
My word, pray *Jove* I break my neck.

(e) If thou canst bring him to my Bow,
I'll give thee for thy pains a Cow.

(f) Tell him I e'r had more discretion,
Then to joyn issues with the *Grecian* :

I neither did meddle nor make,
But as they brew'd, so let them bake :

Nor did I e'r make Skittle-pin-bones,
Or Bobbins of *Anchises* shin-bones :

Why should he then without all sense,
Thus use me like a Kitchin-wench ?

(c) *Soror misere hoc tamen unum
Exequere Anna mihi ; scilam nam perfidus ille
Te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere sensus.
Sola viri molles aditus, & tempora noras.*

(d) *I soror atque hostem supplex affare superbum.*

(e) *Extremam hanc oro veniam (miserere sororis)
Quam mihi cum dederis, cumulatam morie relinquam*

(f) *Non ego cum Danaïs Trojanam excindere gentem
Aulide juraui, classemve ad Pergama misi :*

Nec patræ Anchisæ cineres manesve revelli.

Cur mea d' ista negat duras demittere in aures ?

(g) I

(g) I would but beg one kindness from him :

(h) I will no more claim promise on him :

But only that he'll tarry here,

Half, or a Quarter of a Year ;

Whereby I may, before he go,

(i) Wean my self from a Bed-fellow :

Or (if my constitution can

Not well subsist without a man)

Until I can my self supp'y,

With one to do my drudgery.

I'll ask no further obligation,

(k) But let him to his Navigation ;

He may to *Latium* then address,

And swim or sink, all's one to *Bess*.

(l) Scarce had the woful *Dido* done,

When *Nan* prepar'd her to be gone,

She tachs her Coats about her haunches,

And to the Water-side advances :

She tript so neatly to the Pyre,

It would have done one good to see her :

One would have thought she'd gone in haste,

Midwife to fetch, she went so fast.

At last she came unto the place

Where *Dido*'s dear *Æneas* was ;

——— (g) *Extremum hoc misera det munus amanti :*

(h) *Non jam conjugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro,*

Tempus inane peto, requiem, spaciumque ———

(i) *Dum mea me vitam doceat fortuna dolore.*

(k) *Nec pulchro ut Latio careat regnumq; relinquit.*

(l) *Talibus orabat, talesque miserrima fletu*

Fertque refertque soror ———

She found him sit amongst his Mates,
 The rest o'th' *Trojan* Runnagates,
 Pufft like a Foot-ball with vain-glory,
 Roaring and drinking tory lory ;
 Like one that knew a pot i'th' pate,
 Would be a mile or two i'th' Gate.

The *Trojan* had no sooner spide her,
 But though he could not well abide her,
 Yet'cause he would part fairly with her,
 He askt what Wind had blown her thither,

She putting finger in the eye,
 (As Women when they list can cry)
 Told him in what a sad condition
 Her Sister was : her last Petition,
 And pray'd him as he was a true Man,
 Not to undo a proper Woman.
 (n) But she might e'n have sav'd her juyce,
 And kept her tears for better use.
 (o) His resolution still opposes,
 He would go spite of all their noses ;
 (p) And like to hemp, which, as I take it,
 The more you twist, you stronger make it :

————— (n) *Sed nullus ille movetur
 Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit.*

————— *Lachrymæ volvantur inanes.*

(o) *Fata obstant, &c.* —————

(p) *Ac veluti annosam valido cum robore quercum
 A pinis Borea nunc hinc nunc statibus illinc
 Evolvere inter se certant, &c.* —————

Ipsa haeret scopulis, &c. —————

*Haud secus assiduus hinc atque hinc vocibus heros
 Tunditur* —————

Mens immota manet —————

Even so, the more the try'd to twind him,
She still more obstinate did find him.

(q) Then *Dido* madder grew and madder,
No friend she had could now perswade her;
She stamp't and star'd, as she were Wood,
And in her melancholly Mood,
Calling to mind in woful wise,
Æneas and his treacheries,
How often he had stab'd her honour,
That men would now make Ballads on her;
She was resolv'd without delay,
(r) Fairly to make her self away,
And meant to put her resolution
Into most tragick execution.

She had alas! too just incitement
Thus to prefer her own Indictment;
And reason good, by all relation,
Thus to proceed to condemnation:
For such portents, and dire præfages,
As still have been Disasters Pages,
Foretold her overthrow so plainly,
She saw t' oppose it would in vain be.

(s) She call'd to wash, and do you think,
The Water turn'd as black as Ink;

(q) *Tum vero infelix satis exterrita Dido.*

(r) *Mortem orat: tædet cæli convexa tueri,
Quo magis inceptum peragat, lucemque relinquat.*

(s) *Vidit thuriferis cum dona imponeret aris,
Horrendum dictu, laïces nigrescere sacros,
Fusaque in obscænum se vertere vina cruorem.
Hoc visum nulli, non ipsi effata sorori.*

And that by chance being Charming-day,
 Her Cream most strangely turn'd to Whay !
 This *Dido* saw, but would by no means
 Tell her own Sitter of the omens.
 But that which gave the most perswasion
 Unto her full determination,
 Was this, (t) she kept *Sichæus* bones
 In a great Coffe made o'th' nonce,
 As sundry others have done the like,
 By way of Superstitious Relick,
 In a dark Cellar under ground,
 (u) From whence each night a dismal sound
 Pierc't *Dido's* tender ear, and wisht her,
 Nay like a husband admonisht her,
 To fit her for her latter end,
 For why he told her, as a friend,
 That in a very short space, she
 Should of this World, no Woman be.
 (x) The Scrich-Owls too, were her molesters,
 Who still were chanting out their Vespers :
 (y) Besides she had her Fortune told her
 When 'bout some dozen or so, no older ;
 That she should but one Husband have,
 And after that a scurvey Knave

(u) *Hinc exaudiri voces, & verba vocantis
 Visa viri ; nox cum terras obscura teneret.*

(x) *Solan, e culminibus ferali carmine bubo
 Sape queri* —————

(y) *Multaque præterea vatum prædicta priorum
 Terribili monitu horrificant* —————

Should

Should ſteal her honour like a Thief,
 And make her hang her ſelf for grief:
 Theſe ſad Portents falling ſo thick,
 And pat on one anothers neck,
 Put the poor Queen beſide her ſenſes,
 As a juſt Plague for her offences.
 (z) She dreams *Æneas* now is going,
 Like a falſe friend to her undoing,
 And that ſhe muſt when *Trojan* goes,
 For ever loſe her play-fellows,
 Which to a Woman's cauſe ſufficient,
 Let her be ne'r ſo well condition'd,
 To raiſe her to extravagancies,
 When ſhe muſt part with what ſhe fanſies.

(a) Even as a Bitches fury up is,
 When people come to ſteal her Puppies:
 So far'd the wrathful Queen that day,
 When *Bilbo* muſt be ta'n away:
 She was ſo much concern'd about him,
 She could not, would not, live without him:
 But in her deſp'rate reſolutions,
 (b) Would hang her ſelf to trie concluſions.

————— (z) *agit ipſe furem*
In ſomnis ferus Æneas, ſ. m. vq; relinquit
Sola ſibi, ſemper longam inc. mitata videtur
Ire viam —————

(a) *Eumenidum velu. i demens videt agmina Pentheus,*
Aur Agamemnonius ſceni agitata Oreſtes,
Illa ita concepit furis —————

(b) *Decrevitq; pari tempus ſecum ipſa modumq;*
Exigit, & maſſam diſſis aggreſſa ſororem,
Conſilium vultu tegit, ac ſpem fronte ſerenat

The time and manner she projected,
 And that she might not be suspected,
 She smug'd her visage up with smiles,
 And thus her Sister *Nan* beguiles.

(c) *Nancy* (quoth she) I've found at last
 A way, for all *Æneas* haste;
 If thou in the exploit wilt joyn,
 Shall pay him back in his own Coyn,
 And bring him back by our contriving,
 Since he's so goodly, Dead, or Living.
 Seeing the Rogue my love disgraces,
 I'll spoyl his sport in other places.

(d) A mile from hence, or such a space,
 Down in a bottom lies a place,
 Farr out of all High-ways and Roads,
 Where nothing breeds, but Frogs and Toads,
 Snakes, Adders, and such wicked Vermin,
 That (can they catch 'um) will not spare men:
 There in a Cave lies an old (e) wretch,
 An ugly rotten toothless Witch,
 So old, that one would think she were
 The eldest Devil's Grand-mother.

(c) *Inveni germana viam (gratare sorori)*
Qua mihi reddat eum, —

Vel eo me solvat amantem.

(d) *Oceani finem juxta, solemque cadentem,*
Ultimus Æthiopia locus est; ubi maximus Atlas
Axem humero torquet, —

(e) *Hinc mihi M. Nylæ gentis monstrata sacerdos,*
Hesperidum templi custos; epulasque draconi
Qua dabat, —

Spargens humida mella soporiferumque papaver.

(f) Now

(f. Now this old Beldame can do wonders,
 If she but say the word, it Thunders,
 Lightens, or Rains, or Hails, or Snows,
 Or any weather you'l suppose.
 She'l make a Cowl-staff, by her spelling,
 Amble like any double Gelding;
 And in the dead o'th' night the base Hag,
 Can of a Cudgel make a Race-Nag:
 A Walnut she to Sea can rig out,
 And of an Egg-shell make a Friggot;
 Nay in a Thimble stemm the Flood,
 Provide the Thimble be of Wood.
 She can, where she does owe a spight,
 Spoyl any Bridegrooms wedding-night,
 And the Brides longing disappoint,
 By vertue of a Codpiece-point.
 She can make people love or hate,
 Ev'n whom she please, and at what rate;
 And by her Magick and her Spells,
 Make Folks, or hang, or drown themselves.
 In short, ther's nothing that has ill in't,
 But she has admirable skill in't;
 And does her mischiefs too as quick
 As any Jugler does a trick.

(f) *Hæc se carminibus promittit solvere mentes
 Quas velit; ast aliis duras imminere curas.
 Sistere aquam fluviiis, & vertere sidera retro;
 Nocturnosque ciet manes; mugire videbis
 Sub pedibus terram, & descendere montibus ornos.*

(g) I

(g) I take the gods to witness Suter,
 I'm led into this course sinister,
 Out of no end men wicked call;
 But only for revenge, that's all.
 And since I am so basely crost,
 I'll have this Hag, or it shall cost
 More then I'll speak of; she perchance
 May lead my Trojan such a dance,
 Shall make him glad as fast as may be,
 To come again and cry *peccavi*;
 Or make him hang himself at least,
 For an example to the rest
 O'th' tribe of false dissembling Yeomen,
 That take a pride to ruine Women:
 And by good luck she's now hard by here,
 Come not an hour ago to *Tyre*,
 Sent for it seems about no ill deed,
 To bless a Sow that lies in Child-bed,
 And I'll go fetch her by her favour
 With a *Sub-pana*, but I'll have her.
 (h) In the mean time go thou and tie
 Fast to the great beam, where I lie,
 The best new Halter thou canst choose,
 And make a dainty running noose;
 Like that fell to the Fellow's share,
 That made a Woman of a Mare.

(g) *Testor chara deos, & te germana, tuumque
 Dulce caput, magicas invitam accingier artes.*

(h) *Tu secreta pyram tecto interiore sub anas
 Erige: —————*

(i) Then

(i) Then take me out *Æneas* rayment,
 All I have left in part of payment :
 His greasie Doublet and his Trowfes,
 Where many a wandring *Trojan* Louse is :
 The Treasure he has left behind him.
 In the great standing Press you'l find 'um :
 Stuff me 'um up with Straw or Litter,
 The worse the stuffing is, the fitter :
 And ram the tatters with a vengeance,
 As people use to ram their Engines :
 Make haste and do as I have bid ye ;
 I'll hang the Rascal in Effigie :
 So I'm advis'd to do, and so

(k) I mean to serve him, if I blow ;
 Which, though I cannot wreak my teen, it
 Will stay the stomach of my Spleen yet. (lour,

(l) Thus having said, the Queen chang'd co-
 No Ghost could e'r look pitifuller.

One would have thought by her dejection,
 And by her woful wan complexion,
 She had been going just o'th' sudden,
 To drop and give the Crow a pudding,

——— (i) *Et arma viri, thalamo qua fixa reliquit
 Impius, exuviasque omnes, lectumq; jugalem,
 Quo perii, superimponas : ———*

——— (k) *Abolere nefandi
 Cuncta viri monumenta jubet monstratque sacerdos.*

(l) *Hæc effata silet ; pallor simul occupat ora.*

(m) Nancy

(m) *Nancy*, (although she saw the Queen
 Ready to burst her hobbs for teen)
 And well enough mark'd how she look'd too,
 Yet by her fine pretence was rook'd so,
 She did no further on't consider,
 (n) But went about what she had bid her ;
 Dreaming no more then her last Even,
Dido had been so lewdly given.
 Away therefore my Lais does trot,
 And presently an Halter got,
 Made of the best strong Hempen Teer,
 And e'r a Cat could lick her ear,
 Had tide it up with as much art,
 As *Dun* himself could do for's heart :
 The rope, and say 'twas got o'th' sudden,
 Did prove so prime a special good one,
 That with fair usage it might come
 To hang up *Carthage* all and some.
 The *Trojans* Doublet she had fill'd so,
 'Twas very strange the Buttons held so ;
 And that the cramming of his Breeches,
 Had not quite broken out the stitches,
 His very stockings, though they were,
 About the feet, out of repair ;
 Yet she made shift to stuff each start-up,
 And tie 'um to the rest on's Wardrobe :

(m) *Non tamen Anna novis pratexere funera sacris
 Germanam credit : nec tantos mente furores
 Concipit, aut graviora timer.* —————

(n) *Ergo iusta parat* —————

Having

Having thus brac'd him like a Drum,
 She laid him out in *Dido's* room;
 (e) Display'd upon a fair long Board,
 Ready when *Dido* gave the word,
 To be advanc'd into the Halter,
 Without the benefit on's Psalter.
 Scarce had she thus dispos'd her trinkums,
 When up the stairs, behold the Queen comes,
 (p) Leading along th' old rotten Grammer,
 Into her Highness matted Chamber.

When she was come, and saw the portly
 Trophy in that most noble sort lye,
 As she oft-times had seen the Sinner
 Lie gorg'd on Benches after Dinner:
 She fell again into a passion,
 Caus'd by a sweet Commemoration
 Of past delights, seeing those Breeches,
 And humbly the old Gib beseeches
 To shew her utmost skill and cunning,
 To keep her *Trojan* dear from running.

The nimble Witch bad her not fear,
 But rest content, and be of good chear,
 And she should see she'd make him stay,
 Or foul her Art should say her nay.

(q) With that the Hag began her charm,
 You would have thought she'd had a swarm

(o) *Exuvias, ensesq; reliqum,*
Effigiemq; toro locat.

(p) *Stant ara circum, & crines effusa sacerdos.*

(q) *Ter centum tonat ore Deos, Erebumque, Chaosque,*
Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianæ.

Of

Of Wasps or Hornets in her Throat,
 There came so strange a humming out :
 And as we spoke, her hollow chaps,
 Bound up in two thin shrivell'd flaps
 Of old abominable Leather,
 Like Bellows heav'd and clapt together.
 Her little eyes being fiery red,
 Were sunk so far into her head,
 They lookt, when most she star'd at full,
 Like farthing Candles in a Scull.
 Her Nose hung like an Arch between
 Her wrinkled Fore-head and her Chin.
 A craggy passage, and uncouth,
 Over the dreadful gulf her Mouth,
 And Elf-locks hung so, on each shoulder,
 'Twould make one tremble to behold her.

This Witch a ribble-row rehearſes,
 Of scurvy names in scurvy Verses,
 Which by the manner of her mouthing ;
 Was certainly *Burlesq*, or nothing.
 And in these rhythms as round she limps,
 Calls her Familiars and her Imps,
 (r) Sprinkling the Chamber in her motion
 With a tepid brackish lotion,
 For ought I know, of her own making,
 By her much stirring, and pains taking.
 (f) A red-heart breaker next she mow'd off,
 A Wart that *Dido* was full proud of,

(r) *sparsera, & latices simulatos fontis Averni :*

(f) *Quaritur & nascentis equi de fronte revulsum
 Et matri præreptus amor.*

And burnt it for a strong perfume,
 And pow'rful Spell to make him come.
 Then hand in hand to dance they fall
 A grave and solemn Magick-brawl,
 In such hard figures none could tread 'um,
 But the old hobling Hag that led 'um.
 Poor *Dido* too alas! made one,
 Although her dancing dayes were done :
 And though oppress'd with woe, and care, cut
 Capers, and Tricotee'd it (t) barefoot ;
 (u) Imploring all the Deities,
 At every step, both he's and she's,
 To turn *Æneas* back, and make him
 Follow the work he'd undertaken ;
 Or if he would not turn, t'afford
 The grace to turn him over-board.
 Thus to her footing the poor Jade,
 Out of all measure curst and pray'd
 Against her Love had so offended,
 Till dance and charm together ended.

(x) 'Twas now the time when Candles are
 Repriev'd by the Extinguisher ;

(t) *Unum ex una pedem unctis* ———

Testa utq; Deos ———

(u) *Tum si quod non æquo fœdera amantes
 Cura numen habet, iustumque memorque precatur.*

(x) *Nox erat, & placidum carpebant sessa soporem
 Corpora per terras, silvaeque & sava quierant
 Æquora* ———

*Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pisæque volucres,
 Quaque lacus late liquidos, quaque aspera dumis
 Rura tenent, somno posita sub nocte silenti
 Lenibant curas.* ———

When every thing to sleep down lies,
 Dogs in their Kennels, Hogs in Sties;
 And Men and Women rest their heads
 And heels, on Flocks, or Feather-beds.
 Now Men, and Fishes, Birds, and Beast,
 And every thing was laid to rest;
 (y) All but the woeful Queen (alafs!)
 Who now was brought unto that pass,
 What with her love, and what with spight,
 She could not sleep one wink all night.
 Her stomach now was piping hot,
 (z) It boyl'd and bubbled like a Pot,
 And did so strong a wambling keep,
 She fitter was to spew then sleep.

Have you not seen an Animal
 Yclep't an Horse, when in his Stall,
 The Botts, that terrible disease,
 Doth on his tender bowels seize,
 What groans he fetches, and what pranks
 He rowling playes upon the planks?
 So *Dido* crost in her amours,
 Tumbled away her sleeping hours.
 Now on her back, and in such fashion,
 As if she lay for consolation;
 Now on her belly, now her side,
 All postures, and all wayes she try'd;

(y) *At non infelix animi Phœnissa: nec unquam
 Solvit in somnos, oculisque aut pectore noctem
 Accipit:*

(z) *Magnoque irarum fluctuat aestu,*

But

But all in vain, nothing would do,

(a) Her Heart was so oppress'd with wo,
And love within her did so runble,
She could do nought but toss and tumble :

At last in midst of agitation,

(b) She thus brake out into a passion ;

Which way poor *Lilo* should thou turn thee,
Whilest cruel love does thus heart-burn thee ?

Thou hast of hope not one poor spark left,
Th'att brought thy Fogs to a fair Market.

Not one poor dram of Consolation,
O Woman vile in desperation !

What shall I do in this condition,
& To keep me from the Worlds derision ?

(c) Shall I invite to be my spouse,
Some one I have forbid my house ?
Some saucie, proud *New-Indian* Jack,
And humbly beg of him to take

(d) *Æneas* leavings, or like Trull here,
Run away basely with this Sculler.

(a) *Ingeminant cura, rursusque resurgens*
Savit amor —————

(b) *Sic adeo insistit, secumq; ita corde volutat,*
En quid agam? —————

(c) *Rursusne procos irrita priores*
Experiar? Nomadumque petam connubia supplex,
Quis ego sum toties jam dedignita maritos?

(d) *Iliacas igitur classet atque ultima Teucrum*
Fussa sequar? —————

—————, *sola fugâ nautas comitabor oantes;*

(e) Or shall I raise the Town in swarms,
And bring him back by force of Arms !
Alas, I fear it is no boot !

Foul means will never bring him to't,

(f) No, no, I'll die ! this Halter yet,
When all trades fail, shall do the feat.

(g) Ah, Sister, sister ! hadst not thou
Play'd Mistriss *Quicklies* Office so,
And sooth'd me up till I grew jolly,
I never had committed folly :

No, had I made the least resistance,
And kept the saucie Knave at distance,
I might have us'd him as my list,
And ne'r been brought to had I wist.

(h) Thus lay the wretched Queen debating,
Nan, Fortune, and her Lover rating.

(i) Whilest he Drum-ful with his Potation,
Ne'r dreaming on the doleful passion
He had most vilely left his drab in,
Lay drunk and snoring in his Cabbिन.

(e) *An Tyrii omnique manu stipata meorum
Insequar ?* ———

(f) *Quin morere, aut merita ei : ferroque avertere dolorem.*

————— (g) *Tu prima furem*

Hu germana malis oneras, ———

(h) *Tantos illa suo rumpebat pectore quassos.*

(i) *Æneæ celsa in puppi* ———

Carpebat somnos ———

(k) But *Merc'ry* though he ſlept profoundly,
 (l) Made bold to beat up's *Quarters* roundly,
 And thus 'gan rattle him : Thou ſoulie,
 Mangie, careleſs, drunken, drowſie
 Coxcomb ; how oft muſt I be ſent
 Hither from *Jove* to complement
 Your worſhip to a reverent care
 Of the young *Battard* here, your heir ?
 Whileſt faſt thou ly'ſt tipled, or tipling ;
 Nor car'ſt what danger the poor ſtrippling
 Lies open to. (m) Y'ad beſt ſnore on,
 Some body will be here anon :
 Take to'ther nap, Do, till the *Queen* come,
 She'l reckon with you for your in-come.
 She'l rowſe ye faith ! And (*Goodman Letcher*)
 'Tis ten to one, with a good *Stretch*
 About your ears : Therefore my loving
 Acquaintance, you were beſt be (n) moving.
 Upon my word th' advice is whoſom,
 Stay not until that angry ſoul come :

(k) *Huic ſe forma Dei* ———

Obtulit in ſomnis ———

Omnia Mercurio ſimilis ———

——— (l) *rurſusque ita viſa monere eſt.*

Nate Dea ———

——— (m) *potes hoc ſub caſu ducere ſomnos ?*

Nec qua circumſtent te deinde pericula cernis

Domeſis ? ———

Illa dolos ——— *in peſtore verſat.*

(n) *Non fugis hinc praeceps dum praeſcitare poteſtas ?*

Eta age, rumpe, moras. ———

For if thou dost, mark what I say,
 And be 't not gone before 't be day,
 (o) If *Cirrhage* be n't about your ears
 As soon as ever day appears,
 And do not thrash you back and side,
 Far worse then *Agamemnon* did,
 Those of your Woman stealing rabble,
 Give me but six pence, if thou'rt able,
 And here's my hand, I do not sport,
 I'll give thee twenty shillings for't.
 (q) Thus having said, away he flies,
 E'r Toss-pot could unglew his eyes,
 Which were so cemented in that case,
 The Page was got as far as *Atlas*,
 Back on his way e'r he could free 'um,
 From gowl and matter fit to see him :
 But having streakt and yawn'd a while,
 Snorted, and kept the usual coil
 That Drunkards use in such like cases,
 And made some dozen Devils faces ;
 At last he got his eyes unglew'd
 Into a pretty magnitude.
 He star'd about to spie the Vision
 Had giv'n that courteous admonition :
 But 'twas so dark, as well it might,
 Being 'twixt twelve and one at night ;

(o) Jam mare tu bari trabibus saevisque videtis
 Collucere faces, &c.

Sic hic attigerit terris aurora morantem.

————— (p) Sic facis nocti se immiscuit atra.

That

That had the nimble Courier
In kindness staid his leisure there,
Though clad in *Fallstaff's Kendal-Green*,
He could not possibly be seen.

(q) *Aeneas* troubled herewithal,
Seeing he could not see at all,
Starts from the tilt where he had lain,
And calls upon his Mates amain.

(r) Rise Sirs (quoth he) and look about ye,
(s) I've had from *Jove* another how d'ye,
His man was here, and calls to go still,
His sweaty pumps are in my nose still.
He swears and offer'd to lay odds on't,
And if he say't, I'll lay my —— on't,
That if we do not leave the Dock,
And get us hence by four a Clock,
We shall be murther'd if we were
Ten times as many as we are.
Therefore I think it not amiss for's
To launch, for there are rods in piss for's.
Let us but ply our Oars like tall men,
Till we be got clear out of all ken;
Then if they have a mind to lace us,
Let *Carthage* if they can come trace us.

(q) *Tum vero Aeneas subitis exterritus umbris
Corripit è somno corpus, sociosque fatigat.*

(r) *Præcípites vigila e viri, ——*

——— (s) *Dem athere missus ab alto,
Festinare fugam, tortosque incidere funes
Ecce iterum stimulat. ——*

(t) And thou, O *Jeve*, top of my aim!
 Who hitherto so kind hast been,
 (u) If now thou sick, and do not fail's,
 Let *Dido* whistle in our tails.

Thus having spoken, and thus pray'd,
 (x) Forthwith he drew his doughty blade,
 And at one slash, to ail mens wonder,
 Cut the Boats triple Cord afunder.
 (y) At which the Gang spur'd by so ample,
 So mighty and renown'd example,
 Cut all the rest; nor staying Brooks,
 But let the Devil take the hooks,
 And shipping Oars, to work they fall,
 Like men that row'd for good and all.
 Had it been day, no doubt one might
 Have then beheld a Gallant fight.
Neptune's great Whiskers had not been
 So neatly (z) brusht as they were then
 Of many a year: Crabs that did nest
 Full deep therein, could take no rest:

(t) *Sequimur te sancte, deorum
 Quisquis es.* — — —

(u) *Adsis, o placidusque juves & sydera caelo
 Dextra feras!* — — —

(x) *Dixit, vaginâque eripit ensen
 Fulmineum, stridoque ferit retinacula ferro.*

(y) *Idem omnes simul ardor habet
 rapiuntq; ruuntq;*

Littora deservere — — —
 — — (z) *& cœnula verrant:*

(a) They

(a) They lather'd him in the great Basin,
So admirably well, that *Jason*,
Although he shav'd the golden fleece,
Ne'r wash't him half so well as these.

(b) *Aurora* now, who I must tell ye,
Was gript with dolours in her belly,
Starts from her Couch, and o'r her head
Slipping on petticoat of red,
Forth of the morning doores she goes,
In hasty wise to pluck a Rose;
When *Dido*, who was broad awake,
Hearing the rusty hinges creak,
Ran to her (c) peeping-hole to spie,
What was become o'th' *Trojanry*.
But out alas! (d) The Devil a sail
Was left i'th' Port; bare as my nail
The Dock was stript; whilest far from shore
They row'd as they ne'r row'd before.
At which sad sight, in wrath (God blefs us!)
(e) Tearing her dainty yellow Tresses,
She sighing said, Was ever seen
So pitifal an undone Queen!
And shall this filthy *Trojan* Royster
Undo, as one would do an Oyfter,

(a) *Adnixi torquent spumas* —————

(b) *Et jam prima novis spargebas lumine terras
Tiboni croceum linquens Aurora cubile.*

(c) *Reginae speculis ut primum albescere lucem.*

(d) *Vidit & aquatis classem procedere velis,
Littoraq; & vacuos sensit sine remige portus.*

(e) *Flaventesq; abscissa comas; Proh! Jupiter! ibi
Hic ait, & nostris illu' erit advena regnis?*

Poor *Dido* thus, and run away,
 Maugre what I can do or say!
 Hey, how the treach'rous wenching Knave
 Bounces, and vaults from wave to wave,
 As he were making Ducks and Drakes,
 With Wherries upon Neptunes lakes!
 The Devil sure farts in his poop,
 And puffs his kicking Sculler up;
 Or else some durty Suburb-drab
 Has helpt the Rascal to a clap,
 And sent a running Nag to Sea,
 He could not else make so much way.
 (f) Cannot I burn, nor sink their floats,
 A lousie Fleet of rotten Boats!
 Yes, I'm a Queen, to see my people;
 Let none remember he's a Cripple:
 But run and row, sound, and unsound,
 And those you kill not, bring home bound!
 (g) But tarry goody Magistrate,
 Your big commands come now too late.
 Poor *Dido*, sorrow makes thee giddy,
 They'r got to Sea five Leagues already.
 (h) Queen thou art mortal, and must die
 A sacrifice to Letchery.

(f) *Non arma expedient? totaq; ex urbe sequentur?*
 ————— *ite;*

Ferte citi flammam, date vela, impellite remos.

(g) *Quid loquor? aut ubi sum? quæ mentem insania*
Infelix Dido! ————— *(mutat?)*

————— (h) *Nunc te facta impiæ sanguis;*
Tum decuit, cum sceptrum dabas. —————

Time

Time was thou mightst have something done,
But now farewell Dominion.

(i) This was your huffing *Trojan* Captain,
That his fair Mothers smock was lapt in.

Of twenty *Greeks*, this was the *Cob*,
And brought his Gods away in's Phob,

And through the fire a pick a pack,
Bore the old sinner on his back,

Bed-rid *Ambises*; this was he

Made the brave Voyage o'r the Sea.

This was your trusty *Trojan*, this :

Now he shews what a man he is !

(k) Whilst he was here, why did I not
Cut the false Rogues devouring throat ;

(l) Or of his Bastard make a Pye,

And being bak'd in paste of Rye,

(m) Make th' good Trencher-man his nasty
Sire, eat his Brat for Mutton Pasty !

Why did I not, &c. this disgrace,

Kill him, and all his treacherous (n) race ?

(i) *E dēx et fidesque ;*

Quem secum patris aiunt portare Penates.

Quem subiisse humeris confectum atque paentem.

(k) *Non potui abreptum arvellere corpus, & undis
Spargere ?*

(l) *Non ossum assamere ferro*

Ascanium

(m) *Patri sive pulcrum apponere mensis ?*

(n) *Nitunque patremque*

Cum genere extinxem ; me mei super ipsa dedissem.

I then had dy'd reveng'd, where I
Shall now depart most sneakingly.

(o) Thou *Sol* who didst in pimping sort
Because thou wouldst not spoil our sport,
Creep into Clouds, that rainy weather :

And you that brought young Folks together,

(p) Procurest *Juno*, *Jove* and all

Ye members of *Olympus* Hall,
I charge ye, as y' are Folks of fashion,
Grant this my latest (q) supplication.

If nothing can this Rogue withstand,
But that he must get fare to (r) Land,

Let it be such a Land as he

Had better far upon the Sea

With all his Com-rogues have been drown'd,
Than such a wretched place have found.

May he, where he expects his Leases,
Ne'r know what such a thing as Peace is ;

(s) But be drub'd daily back and side,
Till his bones rattle in his hide.

May he ne'r sleep an hour in quiet,
But be disturb'd with rout and riot ;

(o) *Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras ;*

(p) *Tuque harum interpres curarum, & conscia Iuno,*
Nocturnisq; Hecate —————

Et dira ultrices, &c. —————

————— (q) *Nostras audite preces* —

————— (r) *Si tangere porum*

Infandum caput, ac terris adnare necesse est.

————— (s) *Bello audacis populi vexatus, & armis,*
Finibus extorris —————

Black be his dayes, and may his nights
Swarm with Hob-Goblins, Ghosts, & Sprights ;
May Strangers daunt him with Bravado's,

(r) And Spirit's son to the *Barbado's*;
May he at last fall worse then Sea-sick,
And find no Quack to give him Physick :

(u) No help for money, or for love found,
But let him lie and rot above ground.

May none give house-room to the Mungril ;
But let him perish on some (x) Dunghil.

And when his treach'rous soul's departed,
Let his foul Carcass be deserted,

As Traitours Quarters men expose
To Hogs and Dogs, and Kites and Crows.

(y) This my last pray'r is, hear it then,
I shall ne'r trouble you again.

And be't your care, ye *Tyrian* (z) Nation,
To plague this wicked Generation.

Kill 'um like Rats, that I may have
Heaps of the Rogues pil'd o'r my grave :

—— (r) *Complexu avulsus Iuli,*

(u) *Auxilium impleret* ——

—— (x) *Videatque suorum*

Funera ——

—— *Mediaque inhumatus arena.*

(y) *Hac praeor; hanc vocem extremam — fundo.*

(z) *Tum vos à Tyrii, stirpem & genus omne futurum*

Exercete odium, cineriq; hac mittite nostro

Manera ——

(a) And

(a) And may those children that are yet
To bear, and those that are to get,
Torment them still by Land and Water,
And still may those that follow after
Hate worse and worse, that so it fall,
The last may hate them worst of all.

(b) This said, she let a groan, and sigh'd
A doleful sigh, that prophesi'd
The thread was spun, and that the *Parca*
Would shortly cut it without mercy.

(c) In mind she weigh'd, as she sat crying,
What kind of Death was best to die in.
Poyson she thought would not be quick,
And which was worse, would make her sick,
That being therefore wav'd, she thought,
That neatly cutting her own throat
Might serve to do her business for her;
But that she thought upon with horror,
Because 'twould hurt her; neither cou'd
She well endure to see her blood.

The next came in her thoughts was drowning,
That way she thought 'twould be a done thing
Soon, and with some delight; for why,
Sorrow had made her Grace a dry.

————— (a) *Pugnent ipsi; nepotes;
Exoriant aliqui; castus ex ossibus ulior.*

————— *Nulius amor populi, nec fœdera sunt.*

(b) *Hæc ait* —————

————— (c) *Et partes animum versabat in omnes,
Invisam querens quamprimum abruptere lucem.*

But

But then again she fell a thinking,
She should be somewhat long a sinking,
Having been ever light of members;
And to dissuade her more, remembers,
'Twould spoyle the cloaths might do some one
Credit, when she was dead and gone.

On these mature deliberations,
Shee lik'd none of these dying fashions :
But looking up, and seeing the Rope
Ty'd to the beam i'th' Chamber top,
With neat alluring Noose, her sick-Grace
E'n long'd to wear it for a Neck-lace :
And in that Circle in conclusion,
She prick'd the point of resolution.

(d) But an old Woman being by her,
One of her Chattels brought from Tyre,
An ancient Heir-loom to the Queen,
'Cause she her husbands Nurse had been :
She meant to send her first away,
On sleeveless errand (as we say)
That she might have her swing alone,
To do her execution.

(e) *Cicely* (quoth she) go to my Sister,
Bid her tie up her head, and wish her
To wash her hands in Bran or Flower,
And do you in like manner scoure

(d) *Tum breviter Barcen nutricem affata Sichai.*

(e) *Annam chara mihi nutrix huc siste sororem ;
Dic corpus properet fluviali spargere lymphâ,
Tuque ipsa piâ tege tempora vitæ.*

Your dirty Gollis ; for I intend to
 Make a good Cheefe, and for a friend too,
 O'th' Mornings Milk ; let it be her care
 To take the great Brass Pan i'th' Larder,
 And file the Milk into't : and hear ye,
 Take you the large Cheefe-Fat i'th' Dairy,
 And scoure it clean with Sand ; bid *Jone* too
 Get on the Pot, that she may come too,
 And when the Cheefe is come, but break it,
 And call : for I'll come help to make it.

(f) The hobling Trot limps down the Stairs,
 And now the desp'rate Queen prepares ;

(g) Although her woful heart did pantle,
 To make her self a sad example.

(h) Towards the fatal string she moves
 With tardy pace, as it behoves

Those who by *Nicholas* led astray,
 Wilfully make themselves away.

When she came underneath the Halter,
 The colour in her face did alter,

Whilest down her cheeks round liquor rowls,
 As if her eyes had been at Bowls.

First she beholds with trickling eyes,

(i) *Aeneas* his most dear disguise :

————— (i) *Ille gradum studio celerabat anili.*

(g) *Et trepida — & pallida morte futura.*

(h) *Interiora domus irrumpit limina, & altos
 Conscendit furibunda rogos —————*

————— *Paulum lacrymis & mente morata.*

(i) *Hic postquam Iliacas vestes, notumq; cubile
 Conspectit, —————*

And

And as the Trowſes ſhe ſurvey'd,
 Reflecting how ſhe'ad been betray'd :
 Signing, cry'd out, (k) Oh ! thou who wert
 The joy and comfort of my heart,
 Whilſt caſket to my deareſt Jewel ;
 But ſince the Fates have been ſo cruel,
 My grief and ſhame, farewel for ever ;
 And here I prophetic that never,
 Whoever may hereafter wear thee,
 Shall mortal *Bilboe*'r come near thee.
 Farewel, my lateſt leave I take,
 And kiſs the Caſe for Ho-boys ſake.

Thus having ſaid, ſhe mounts the Table,
 Becauſe though tall, ſhe was not able
 To reach the Halter, that muſt tie
 Her faſt to doleful deſtinie :
 And having, like too apt a Scholler,
 Thrulſt her plump neck into the collar,
 As 'tis, you know, the hanging faſhion,
 She thus began her laſt Oration :

(l) That I have liv'd (quoſh ſhe) and how,
 I doubt (alaſs !) too many know ;
 But that I now will die, is known
 To no one but my ſelf alone :
 And if I Natures debt do pay,
 And hang my ſelf before my day,
 The cenſuring World can ſay but this,
 That I'm the better Pay-miſtriſs :

(k) *Dulces exuvia dum jata, Deusq; ſinebant.*

Dixitque noviffima verba.

(l) *VIXI, & quem dederat curſum fortuna, peregi.*

K

And

And though I dye a death they say,
Makes sufferers themselves bewray
And die uncleanly corps; yet I
Shall leave, although I purging die,
And go out strong as Candle-stuff,
A fame shall savour sweet enough.

(m) For murder'd Spouse I've made amends yet
As far as stealing could revenge it,
And made *Pygmalion* that undid us,
Pay sauce for making people Widows.
And at my proper cost and charges,
A Village built, which for its largeness,
(n) In a few years, might well have grown
To be a pretty Market-Town,
Had not this *Trojan* Varlet come
T'undo what all my care had done.

Then (going to turn off) (o) But must
I go (quoth she) and is it just,
I die like Felon vile, or Traitor?
Sans vengeance on this Fornicator?
(p) And whilst the Stallion proudly stalks it,
Must I be thus hang'd up for Hawks-meat?
Yes die, as 'twas foretold thee long since,
If but to trouble the Knaves conscience:

(m) *Urbem praeclaram statui, mea mœnia vidi;
Ultra virum, pœnas inimico à fratre recepi.*

(n) *Felix, ben nimium felix, si littora tantum
Nunquam Dardaniæ tetigissent nostra carina!*

(o) *Sed moriamur ait; sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.*

(p) *Haurias hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto
Dardanii, & nostra secum ferat omnia moris.*

Then

'Then 'cause she would to part the sweeter,
A portion have of *Hopkins* metre ;
As people use at Execution,
For the *Decorum* of conclusion,
Being too sad to sing, she says,

Which with a grace like his that pen'd it,
To her great comfort, being ended,
And ceremonies now compleat,
Proceeding to the final feat ;
Thus, thus, (quoth she) to shades of night
I go, and thus I take my flight.

(q) With that she from the Table swong,
And happy 'twas the Rope was strong
Enough, in such a swing to stop her,
Her Grace might else have broke her crupper.

(r) So have I seen in Forrest tall,
From friendly cup the Acorn fall,
And Bully tumble from the Tree,
As ripe for hanging, Down fell she.
She caper'd twice or thrice most finely ;
But th' Rope imbrac'd her neck so kindly ,
Till at the last, in mortal trance,
She did conclude the dismal dance.
A yellow aromattick matter
Dropt from her heels, commixt with water,

(q) *Dixerat ; atque illam media inter ralia.* —————

(r) *Non aliter quam si immixtis ruat hostibus omnis
Carthago* —————

Which sinking through the Chamber-floor,
(s) Set all the house in sad uproar.

All at the first that they amiss thought,
Was that her grace had mist the piss-pot :
But when the stairs they had ascended,
And saw her Majesty suspended,
The servants frighted past their senses,
Tumbled o' Buffets, Forms, and Benches,
And ran to all the near abidings,
With open cry to tell the tidings.

(t) Even like unto the dismal yowl,
When trustful Dogs at midnight howl :
Or like the Dirges that through nose
Hummi out to daunt their Pagan Foes,
When holy Round-heads go to Battle,
With such a yell did Carthage rattle.

(u) At the first news poor Nancy skreeks,
And tearing hair, and scratching cheeks,
Ran up the stairs, and like a fell-throw,
Made all that stopt her, feel her elbow :
Till having jostled all opposers,
And thrust some twenty on their noses ;

—— (s) *It clamor ad alta*

Atria ; concussam bacchatur fama per urbem,

(t) *Lamenti, gemituque, & fœmineo ululatu*
Tecta fremunt resonat magnis plangoribus aether :
Non aliter quam si, &c.

(u) *Audisti exanimis, trepidamq; exterrita cursu,*
Unguibus ora foror sedans, & pectora pugnis,
Per medios ruit.

At last the place she set her feet on,
Where *Dido* hung to dry, or sweeten.

(x) Was it for this, ah sister, sister,
That I was sent to Gaffer *Twister*
(To buy a Rope ! (y) was this (quoth she)
Your fine device to couzen me !

Could none a Halter else prepare ye,
But I must be made accellary !

Why knew I not thy dire intent, as
I still thy chiefest confidant was !

(z) What didst thou know, but kindly I,
Might e'n have hang'd for company ?

But in thy ruine, I and all

Thy people suffer, great and small.

And in this wilful woman-slaughter,

(a) Th'ast hang'd up *Carthage* son & daughter.

(b) But stay, methinks I am not halty,
To close those eyes that stare so gaitly.

(c) Which said, her buttocks on the board
She fofs'd, that all the Chamber roar'd.

(x) *Hoc illud germana fuit ?* ———

————— (y) *Me fraude petebat ?*

Hoc roguis iste mihi, hic ignes araq; parabant ?

————— (z) *Comitemne sororem*

Sprevisti moriens ? eadem me ad fata vocasses :

Idem ambas ferro dolo &c. ———

(a) *Extinxi te, meque soror, populumque, patresque*
Sidonios, urbemque tuam ; date vulnera lymphis,

(b) *Abluam* ———

————— (c) *Sic fata, graam evaserat altor,*

And

And being active Lais and light,
 At one jump more stood bolt upright.
 (d) Thrice in her arms did *Nancy* catch her,
 Thrice thump't her bosome to dispatch her.
 And thrice her latest breath did roar,
 In hollow sound, at postern-door.

(e) Then *Juno* who had ever been
 As 'twere, sworn sister to the Queen :
 Hearing the lamentable cries
 That from her Village pierc'd the skies ;
 Down towards *Carthage* bent her looks,
 Where seeing all things off the hooks,
 And *Dido* in unseemly sort
 Hang dangling there, being sorry for't,
 (f) And loth a Queen in hempen tackle,
 Should to *Plebeians* be spectacle ;
 She call'd a little Emissary,
 That us'd her Embassies to carry,
 One Mistress *Iris* : a main pretty
 Nimble House-wife, yes, and a witty,
 One that if bidden once, would do't,
 And had the length of *Juno's* foot
 So right, that for her parts and feature,
 She was become her Mistress creature.

(d) *Semianimemq; sinu germanam amplexa fovebat*
Cum gemitu, &c. —————

Ter sese attollens —————

Ter revoluta toro est —————

(e) *Tum Juno* —————

————— (f) *longum miserata dolorem.*

This Girl was born (as Poets hint to's,)
 At a small Hamlet near *Olympus*.
 And though by birth a Dyers daughter,
 Yet had her friends full well up-brought her,
 And because *Juno* gave great Wages,
 Preferr'd her thither for a Page's.

Her *Juno* call'd away from starching,
 And big with Tears, bid her be marching,
 (g) Put on her wings, and swiftly clip it,
 To cut down *Dido* from the Gibbet.

Iris when young, had learn'd to fly
 (As youth is full of waggery)
 Of a tame Jack-daw that she had,
 And for her journeys, lately made
 Fine party-colour'd Wings to fly in,
 No worse then of her Fathers Dying;
 Who knowing that his Daughter was
 To be prefer'd to such a place,
 And what she must b' imploy'd about,
 Had spar'd no cost to set her out.

(h) At the command of Heavens Goddes,
 She ties these Wings fast to her Bodice,
 Which waving, did adorn the Skie,
 With all the fair variety
 Of Colours that the Rain-bow shows,
 When clad in her most gaudy cloths.

(g) *Irim demisit Olympo,*
Qua luctantem animam nexosq; resolveret artum.

(h) *Ergo Iris croceis per cælum roscida pennis,*
Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores,

Druckat

Fall

Full I whilome new, I coming near
 Carthage, she made a Cancellor,
 And then a sloop, when having spy'd
 Queen Dido's window staring wide;
 (Set open you may well presume,
 (As there was cause) to air the room.)
 She nimble, to all Folks amazement,
 Whips, like a Swallow through the Casement.

(In O'r Dido's head she took her stand,
 And cry'd, whilst flourishing a brand,
 Sent down right full Queen come I
 Epilogue to this tragedy
 And thus, O Dido, let thee loose,
 From watch or faltering noose.
 Which laid, and rolling high her Blade
 With great dexterity, the Maid
 O wonderful! even at one side-blow
 Spoil'd a good Rope, and down dropt Dido.

(In) Et supra caput effudit. Hinc ego Dido
 Sectionem huiusmodi, Pequestra caput effudit.

(O) Dido.

(In) Et amplexum secum secum omni modo
 Didoque calor, acque reventor una recessu.

Scarronnides:

OR,

VIRGILE

TRAVESTIE.

A Mock-Poem

On the



FIRST and FOURTH BOOKS
OF

VIRGILS ÆNÆIS

in English; Barlesque.

Non minimum est insigniter ineptire.

Plin. Ep.

LONDON,

Printed by J. C. for Henry Brome, at the Gun near
the West-end of St. Pauls: 1 6 7 0.



To the READER.

THE Reader is desired, for
the better comparing of the
Latine and English together
to read on forward unto the en-
suing Letter of Direction, before
he compare the former with the
Original.



12 :: 665

VIR

VIRGILE

TRAVESTIE.

- (a) **I** Sing the man, (read it who list,
A Trojan true as ever pist)
(b) Who from Troy Town, by wind and weather
To Italy, (and God knows whither)
Was packt, and wrackt, and lost, and tost,
And bounc'd from Pillar unto Post.
(c) Long wandred he through thick and thin;
Half roasted now; now wet to th' skin;
By Sea and Land; by Day and Night;
(d) Forc'd (as 'tis said) by the God's spite:
Although the wiser sort suppose
(e) 'Twas by an old Grudge of Juno's;
A Murrain curry all Curst Wives!
He needs must go, the Devil drives.
(f) Much suffer'd he likewise in Wat,
Many dry blows, and many a scar:



- (a) *Arma virumq; cano, (b) Trojæ qui primis ab oris
Italiam fato profugus, Lavinæque venit
Littora (c) multum ille & terris jactans & alto
(d) Vi Superum,
(e) sævæ memorem Junonis ob iram
(f) Multa quoque & bello passus, dum conderet urbem*
A 2 Many

Many a Rap, and much ado,
 At Quarter-staff, and Cudgels too,
 Before he could be quiet for 'um :
 (Pox of all Knaves, for I abhor 'um)
 But this same Yonker at the last,
 (All Brawls and Squabbles over-past)
 And all these Rake-hells over-come,
 (g) Did build a pretty *Grange* call'd *Rome*.
 (i) But oh my Muse ! put me in mind,
 To which o'th' Gods was he unkind ?
 (k) Or what the Plague did *Juno* mean,
 (That cross-grain'd, peevish, scolding Queen,
 That scratching, cater-wawling Puls)
 (l) To use an Honest Fellow thus ?
 (To curry him like Pelts at Tanners)
 (m) Have Goddesses no better manners ?
 (n) A little Town there was of Old,
 Thatcht with good Straw to keep out Cold,
 Hight *Carthage*, which (if not bely'd)
 Was by the *Tyrians* occupy'd ;
 (o) The lustiest Carles all thereabouts,
 Rich Chuffs, and very sturdy Louts.

————— (g) *atque alta moenia Roma.*

(i) *Musa mihi causas memora ; quo Numine laeso :*

(k) *Quidve dolens Regina Deum, (l) in volvere casum
 Insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores
 Impulerit ?* (m) *tantene animis coelestibus ira ?*

(n) *Vidi antiqua fuit, Tyrii tenuere Coloni,
 Carthago* —————

————— (o) *studium asperissima belli ;*

(p) Now

(p) Now this same *Carthage* you must know,
Juno did love out of all *whoe* :

There are alive that yet will swear it,
 No Village like it, no place near it :

(q) Except a place (forsooth) that's famous
 For her own Birth, a Farm call'd *Samos* ;

Here she her Trinkets kept, and odd things,
 Her Needles, Poking-sticks, and Bodkins ;

And here, (in house which her own Key locks)
 (r) She us'd to keep her Coach and Peacocks.

This place then main'y pleas'd her humor :

(s) But she had heard a scurvy rumor ;
 That *Trojans*, arm'd in Coats of Chamlet,

Should one day overthrow her Hamlet ;
 Plunder her Chests, Joynt-stools and Tables,

And burn her Cow-houses and Stables.
 (t) She fearful of this sad Prediction,

(Which prov'd a true one, and no Fiction)
 (u) And mindful of her injur'd Honour,

When *Paris* gave the Apple from her ;

(p) *Quam Juno feritur terris magis omnibus unam*

(q) *Posthabita coluisse Samo ; (1) hęc illius arma,*
Hęc curtus fuit ;

(s) *Progeniem sed enim Trojano à sanguine duci*
Audierat, Tyrias olim qua verteret arces.

(1) *Id metuens ;*

(u) *Necdum etiam causa irarum, sævique dolores*
Exciderant animo ; manet alià mente repostam

Judicium Paridis

Did many years bend her devotion,
 To drown *Æneas* on the Ocean;
 And many a slippery trick she play'd him,
 Till *Jove* at last o're Sea convey'd him;
 (w) So hard it is, where an old Grutch is,
 To get out of a Womans Clutches.

Æneas had not been o'th' water
 Above an hour, or such a matter;

Nor further row'd, then we may rate
 'Twixt *Parsons-Dock* and *Billingsgate*,
 Or say betwixt *Dover* and *Calice*,
 (x) When *Juno* (full of her old Malice)
 Thus with her self began to mutter,
 Cannot I drown these Crows i'th' Gutter?
 Must they go on fearing no Colours?
 And cannot I squander their Scullers?
 Must these same *Trojan* Rascals nose me,
 (y) Because the *Fates* (forsooth) oppose me?
 (z) *Pallas* could burn Wherries, and Gallies,
 And clatter *Mortals* Bones like Tallics:
 (a) But I, *Jove's* Sister, and his *Wife*,
 Can do no Mischief for my life.

(w) *Tanta molis erat Romanam condere gentem*
Vix è conspectu Sicula telluris in alium

Vela dabant lati, & spumas salis ære ruebant;
 (x) *Cum Juno æternum servans sub pectore vulnus,*
Hæc secum; Mene incepto d. sistere victam?

(y) *Quippe vetor facis!* (z) *Pallasne exurere classem*
A givum potuit?

(a) *Est ego, quæ Divam incedo Regina, Jovisque*
Et Soror, & Conjux, unâ cum gente tot annos
Belligero

(b) *Juno*

(b) *Juno* enrag'd, and tretting thus,
 (c) Runs me unto one *Æolus* :
 This *Æolus*, as Stories tell us,
 Could backward blow like a Smiths Bellows ;
 A Day, a Week, a Moneth together,
 And by his farting, make foul weather :
 Blow Men, and Trees, and Houses down ;
 Great Ships, and almost Fishes drown.
 He was, in fine, the loud'st of Farters :
 Yet could command his hinder quarters,
 Correct his Tail, and only blow,
 If there occasion were, or so :
 (d) Whom *Jove* observing to be so stern,
 In the wise conduct of his Postern,
 He made him King of all the Puffers,
 Which he (because he knew them Huffers)
 Durst nowhere venture, I must tell ye,
 But in the Caverns of his Belly :
 Which having but one Postern-Gate
 For these mad Boys to sally at,
 He might the faster peg them in,
 And by the plucking out a Pin,
 Then (at his ease) *Arsing* about,
 To any Quarter, let them out.

(b) *Talia flammato secum Dea code volutans,*
 (c) *Æoliam venit a hinc vasto Rex Æolus antro*
Luctantibus ventos sempestatesque sonoras
Imperio premit.

(d) *sed Pater omnipotens*
regemque dedit, qui sedere certo
Et premere, & laxas sciret dare jussus habenas.

(e) To this same King, Queen *Juno* potted,
And thus in flatt'ring Terms accosted.

(f) Thou mighty King, whose potent sway
The Lawless *Blust'ers* do obey;
Whose nod the stubborn't winds do dread;
(Even although in *Scotland* bred.)

Thou, whose unruly Empire reaches
As far as the wide Compass stretches,
Hear a poor Queens Request, and say
Thou'lt do't; for I must have no Nay.

(g) There are a few Tatter-de-malions
That (with a *pox*) would be *Italians*,
And into *Latium* now are going,
With Oars, and Skulls, tugging and rowing:
A Crew of drunken-roaring Ruffins,
Lewd, wandering, sturdy Ragamuffins;
Rascals, I hate, as I do Garlick,
And yet the Rogues are stout and warlike:

(h) If therefore, thou wilt smoak these Roysters,
And sowse them all, like pickled Oysters,

(e) *Ad quem tum Juno supplex his vocibus usa est:*

(f) *Æolc (namque tibi Divum pater atque hominum Rex
Et mulcere dedit fluctus & tollere ventos)*

(g) *Gens inimica mihi Tyrtheum navigat aquor,
Ilium in Italiam portans.*

(h) *Incute vim ventis, submersasque obrue puppes,
Aut age diversas, & disjice corpora ponto.*

*Sunt mihi his septem præstanti corpore Nymphæ:
Quarum, qua forma pulcherrima, Desopetam
Conaubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo:*

There

There is a pretty Maid of Mine,
 Called *Die*, shall be thy Concubine.
Æolus hearkned to this Story,
 With no small Pride, no little Glory;
 To have a Queen, so gay and trim,
 Come to request a Boon of him!
 But th' *Wench*, i'th' tail of the Preamble,
 Oh that! That made his Bowels wamble.
 (And Wind you know (under Correction)
 Is a main Causer of Ejection)
 He, listning stood, wrigling, and scraping,
 But durst not bow, for fear of scaping;
 Until at last, with Cap in hand Sir,
 (i) He thus return'd with modest Answer.
 O Queen (quoth he) my thanks are real,
 That you will use your Servant *Æol*:
 And should I not pay your Civility,
 To th' utmost of my poor Ability,
 Who are great *Joves* Sister and Wife,
 It were e'ne pity of my Life.
 I'll play these Rake-hells such a Hunts up,
 Shall make them glad to turn their Rumps up.
 Say you no more, the Thing is done;
 I'll drown 'em ev'ry Mothers Son.
 But since your Grace is nice of smelling,
 I wish you were at your own dwelling;

(i) *Æolus hæc contra : Tunc ô Regina quod opres
 Explorare labor; mihi iussa cap. Jere fac est.
 Tu mihi quodcunque hoc regni, in scepra Jovemq;
 Concilias*

There's

There's Reason for't (saying your favour)
For truly (Madam) I shall favour.

But I beseech your Grace, in no wise
Forget the *Woman*, that you promise.

Juno at that, away does goe
As swift as Arrow out of Bow,

And in less while, then I am speaking,

* *Mons Salapiensis* Was got as high, as top of * *Reking* :
No bigger now then School-boys Kite,
And now clean vanisht out of sight.

Æol, who all this while stood gaping,

At her fine Peacocks gawdy-trapping,

Seeing her mount *Olympus* stair-case,

Began t'untruſt to ease his Carcase.

Twice belcht he loud from lungs of leather,

To call his roaring Troops together :

And twice (as who should say, We come)

They roar'd i'th' concave of his Womb :

(k) With that he turns his Buttock Seaward,

And with a Gibing kind of Nayword ;

Quoth he, Blind Harpers, have among ye ;

'Tis Ten to One but I bedung ye.

At that same word, lifting one leg,

And pulling out his trusty peg ;

(k) *Hæc ubi dicta, cauum conversa cuspide montem
Impulsi in laus, ac venti, velut agmine facti,
Qua data porta ruunt, & terras turbine perflant.
Incubere mari, totumque, à sedibus imis.*

) He let at once his General Muster
 Of all that ere could blow, or bluster ;
 And (like a Coxcomb) in his Tuel
 Left not one puff to cool his Gruel.
 Have you not seen below the Sphear
 A mortal drink call'd Bottle-Bear,
 How, by the Tapster when the Stopple
 Is raviſh't from the teeming Bottle,
 It bounces, foams, and froths, and flitters,
 As it were troubled with the squitters ?
 Even ſo, when *Æol* pluckt the plugg
 From th' Muzzle of his double Jugg,
 The Winds burſt out with ſuch a rattle,
 As he had broke the ſtrings that twattle.

Bounce cries the Port-hole, out they fly,
 And make the World dance *Barnaby*;
 Throughout the Seas, and Coaſts they wander ;
 One *Boreas* was their chief Commander ;
 A huffing Jack, a plund'ring Tearer,
 A vap'ring Scab, and a great Swearer.

This Fellow, and his boiſt'rous Rout,
 Finds me o'th' Sea; the *Trojans* out.

Æneas, and his Wandering Mates
 Were, at that time, angling for *ſprats* ;

(1) *Unde Eurusque Notusque ruunt, cæderque procellis
 Africus, & vastos volvunt ad litora flatus,
 Insequitur clamorque virum, stridorque rudentum.
 Eripiunt subito nubes cælumque diemque
 Tenebrarum ex oculis, ponto nox incubat atra.
 Intonuere poli, & crebris micat ignibus æther,
 Presentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.*

Think-

Thinking no harm, no more then we do,
 (For all was fine and fair to see to)
 When all o'th' sudden; who would think it
 (By this good drink, I mean to drink it!)
 It grew so dark, that wanting light,
 They could not feel the Fishes bite;
 And strait ere one could say, What's this?
 The winds began to howl and hiss,
 And in the turning of a hand Sir,
 They grew so big, one could not stand Sir.
 Then followed Rain, Lightning, and Thunder,
 As the whole world would fly asunder.

Aeneas, hearing the winds threatning,
 * By the And * seeing Monstrous Billows beating,
 Lightning. Knowing they purpos'd to dispatch him,
 And that the *Haddock*s watcht to catch him,
 (m) Fell presently in a cold sweat,
 So sick he could not drink nor eat;
 'Twas all the World to Twenty Pound,
 He had not fall'n into a swoond;
 But by *Joves* favour being blest,
 With Guts in's head above the rest;
 Like to a cunning Chapman, He
 Made Virtue of Necessity,
 And in the midst of all Despairs,
 Thought it his best to fall to Pray'rs;
 (n) With woful heart, and blubber'd eyes,
 Lifting his *Mutton fists* to th'skies,

(m) *Exemplo Aeneæ solvantur frigore membra :*
 (n) *Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad sidera palmas*
Talia voce refert :

He

Be therefore pray'd, O *Jupiter*,
 Either hear now, or never hear;
 Now, now, thy Trusty *Trojans* cherish,
 Help now, or never, else we perish.
 (o) Could not *Tydidēs* at *Troy Town*
 Should he be hang'd, once knock me down?
 Nor yet the merry *Greek Achilles*,
 When he kill'd lusty *Hector*, kill These?
 And must we now be sent for Dishes,
 To Sharks, and such like greedy Fishes?
 (p) Thus went he on with his Orisons,
 Which if you marke them well were wise ones,
 Now praying, now expostulating;
 But he might e'en have held his prating;
 For *Jove* if he had been more near him,
 The noise was such, could no wayes hear him:
 (q) The winds grew lowder still and lowder,
 And play'd their Gambals with a Powder;
 Then, then indeed began the pudder,
 Here an Oar broke, and there a Rudder;
 Here a Boat kicking on the Surges,
 And there one sinking in a Gorges.

(o) *o Danxum fortissime gentis*
Tydidē, Meue Iliacis occumbere campis
Non potuisse, iūque animam hanc effundere dextrā?
*Savus ubi *Acidz* telo jacer *Hector*.*
 (p) *Talia jactanti, (q) stridens Aquilone procella*
Velum adversa ferit, fluctusque ad sidera tollit.
Franguntur remi; tum proa avertit, & unda
Qat latm;

(r) Three

(r) Three Boats a Wind, call'd *Notus* Ruffels,
Upon a paltry bed of Muffels,

(s) And there did roaring *Eurus* dable ye,
In Quick-sand deep most lamentably.

(t) One Wherry that the *Lycians* carried,
And one *Orontes* never married,
Was just about the time of Dinner,
O're-whelm'd, and all the men within her.
Orontes, though he was confounded,
Yet very loath to be thus drowned;
Did all he could with might and main,
To have swom back to land again.

His skill he to the trial puts,
But could not do it for his Guts:
And therefore was souc't up for *Cod-fish*;
(I doubt he prov'd but very odd-fish.)

(u) Now might you see the *Trojans* trimming
Upon the Foaming billows swimming:
Sculls, Oars, and Stretchers, with their Benches,
Floating amongst the Rowing Trenches;

(r) *Tres Notus abreptas in saxa latentia torquet.*

(s) *Tres Euris ab alto
In Brevia & Syrteis urget, (miserabile visu)*

(t) *Unam, qua Lycios, fidumque vehebat Orontem,
Ipsius ante oculos, ingens à vertice Pontus
In puppim ferit, Encatitur, pronusque Magister
Voluitur in caput. At illam ter fluctus ibidem
Torquet agens circum, & rapidus vorat aquore vortex.*

(u) *Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
Arma virum tabulaque & Troja gaza per undas.*

Hats,

ats, Caps, and Cassocks, Bands and Ruffs,
Indeed I think they wore no Cuffs)
alk-staves and Cudgels, Pikes and Truncheons,
rown-bread & cheese that swam by luncheons,
With Treasure past all Mortals matching,
That any man might have for fetching.
(w) In the mean time, this hurly-burly,
That still increas'd more loud and surly,
Rous'd Neptune with the strange Commotion,
Who liv'd i'th' bottom of the Ocean.

This Neptune was of old a Fisher,
And to *Aeneas* a well-wisher:

'Cause on a time, *Venus*, that bore him,
Spoke a good word to her Father for him,
And made him for his good Conditions,
King over all his Pools, and Fish-Ponds.

This Blade; when first he heard the Sea ring,
Was pickling Pilchards, Sprats, and Herring:
But at the noise he throws his Tray,
Fishes, and salt, and all away.

And taking up his three-forkt Trout-spear,
(x) Hey, hey, (quoth he) what a brave rout's here!

(w) *Inter ea magno miseri murmure Pontum,
Emissamque Hiemem sensit Neptunus, & inis
Diagna refusa vadis.*

(x) *Graviter commotus, & alto
Prospiciens, summa placidum cepit carulis unda.
Disiectam flumina tota videt agnoscere Classem,
Pluvibus oppressos Troas calique ruinâ.
Nec latere doli fratrem juvenis & ira.*

Under

Under his Armes he had two Bladders,
 By which he mounted without Ladders,
 And thrusting's head above the Water,
 Says, What a vengeance ho's the matter?
 Then seeing round how things were vary'd,
 And how the *Trojans* had miscarry'd;
 He strait began to smell a Rat,
 And soon perceiv'd what they'd be at:
 For he knew all *Juno's* contriving,
 And spite as well as any living.

Have you not seen upon a River
 A Water-dog, that is a Diver,
 Bring out his Mallard, and est-foons
 Be-shake his shaggy Pantaloon?
 So *Neptune* when he first appears,
 Shakes the salt Liquor from his ears,
 And made the Winds themselves to doubt him
 He threw the Water so about him:
 Vext at the Plucks to see this clutter,
 He scarce could speak, but spurt and sputter,
 (y) Till beck'ning *Zephyrus*, and *Eurus*,
 He thus began in Language furious.
 How durst you Rogues take the opinion
 To vapour here in my Dominion,

(y) *Eorum ad se Zephyrumque vocat, dehinc ralla fa-
 Tantane vos generis tenuis fiducia vestri,
 Jam calum Terramque meo sine Numine, Venti
 Miscere, & pantas audetis tollere moles?
 Quos ego ——— sed magis præstat componere Flutis;
 Post mihi non simili potas cum miscetis.* (int.)

Without

Without my leave, and make a lurry,
 That men cannot be quiet for ye!
 aſcals I ſhall! --But well! go to,
 now have ſomething elſe to do:
 Fe'r again I catch you creaking,
 'Tis odds I ſpoil your Bag-pipes ſqueaking.
 b) And Sirrah, you there: Goodman * Blaſter, * Speak-
 ing to Bo.
 go tell that farting Fool your Maſter, read him-
 That ſuch a whiſtling ſcab as he, ſelf.
 Was ne'r cut out to rule the Sea;
 a) But that it to my Empire fell;
 Bid him go vapour in his Cell;
 There let him puff and domineer,
 But make no more ſuch ſoiſting here:
 And for what's paſt, (if my aim miſs not)
 I'll teach him fizzle in my Piſs-pot.
 him c) Scarce had he bubbled out his Sentence,
 But that they fled to ſhew repentance,
 And he that erſt had made a din moſt,
 r) Now cry'd, The Devil take the hindmoſt.
 Even as a flock of Geefe do flutter,
 When crafty Reynard comes to Supper:
 So nimbly flew away theſe Scoundrels,
 Glad they had ſcap'd, and ſav'd their poundrels.

fa- (Z) *Maturate Fugam, Regique hac dicite veſtro;*
 ur. *Non illi Imperium pelagi*

(a) *ſed mihi ſorte datum. Tenet ille immania ſaxa,*
Vellras Eure domos. Illa (e) jaſſet in Aulâ
 ; *Æolus, & claſſo ventorum carcere regnet.*

(b) *Sic ait, & diſſo citim tumida aquora placat.*

B

(c) Now

(c) Now all was fair again and frolick,
 The Sea no more troubled with Cholick,
 The Sun shone bright, as on a *May-day*;
 Had there been grafs, one might have made hay:
 But yet some Boats stuck on the Flats,
 Their men all dasht like Water-Rats;
Neptune at that his speed re-doubles,
 To ease them of their peck of Troubles:
 He thrust his *Muck-fork* in two faddom,
 Betwixt the Boats and that that staid 'um,
 And lifted them shier off as clever,
 As he had had a Crow or Leaver:
 Now Sirs (quoth he) you may go forward,
 And row, East, West, or South, or Norward.
 If the Rogues come again, I'll swill 'um;
 I love a Dog that comes from *Ilium*;
 And you *Aneas* and your men,
 If e'r you come this way again,
 I hope you'l call, or I'll be sorry,
 I'll have a Dish of Lobsters for ye.
Aneas who was gentle-hearted,
 Scrap'd him a leg, and so they parted.

They take their Sculls again and ply 'um,
 Hanging their Jerkins out to dry 'um:
 Away they cut as swift as Swallows,
 Plowing the Sea, as men do Fallows;

(c) *Colle&asque fugat nubes, solemque reducit,
 Cymothoe simul & Triton adnixus acuto
 Detrudunt naveis scopulo; levat ipse Tridenti,
 Et vastas aperit Syrtis & temperat aquor.*

Till e'r a man could well tell Ten,
 Or go to th' door and back again,
 (d) They all as plainly saw the other
 Side, as we now see one another :
 Then there old tugging was, and pulling ;
 Never such plying and such sculling ;
 They whoop't and sung gladder and gladder ;
 I think *March-hares* were never madder.
 At last, all dangers notwithstanding,
 (e) They came unto a place of Landing ;
 A pair of Stairs they found, not Big Stairs ;
 Just such another pair as *Trigg Stairs* :
 Not made for Water-men, but Women
 That use to come and wash their Linnen :
 There was old striving then, and thrusting,
 Which with their Sculler should get first in.
 Sirs (quoth *Aeneas*) shew some breeding,
 Let's have no more haste than good speeding ;
 Have patience Gentles, I implore ye,
 And let your betters go before ye.
 With that they all gave place, and reason,
 It else had been no less than Treason :

————— (d) *Qua proxima littora cursu
 Contendunt petere.*

(e) *Est in secessu longo locus ; Insula portum
 Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
 Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos.*



(f) Whilest our *Æneas* at two leapings,
Set the first foot upon the steppings;
Then all the rest came in a bundle,
As they would burst each others Trundle:
Weary they were, the Wind had douc't 'um,
And so they fate 'um down and lows'd 'um.

(g) After a while, a fellow knocks
Fire with a Steel and Tinder-box.
For each man had his Flint and Touch-wood,
The world besides could shew no such wood;
Then sticks they gather, leaves and bryers,
And fall a making them good fires;
Then Skellets, Pans, and Posnets put on
To make them Porridge without Mutton.

(h) In the mean time *Æneas* got him
Up to a Hill, to look about him,
And as he there a while stood gazing,
(i) He saw some sheep below him grazing.

(f) *Æneas collectis navibus omni
Ex numero subit; ac magno telluris amore
Egressi optatâ Troes potiuntur arenâ,
Et sale tabentes artus in litore ponunt.*

(g) *Ac primum silici scintillam excudit Achates,
Suscepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum
Nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flammam.
Tum Cerecerem corruptam undis, Cerealiaque arma
Expediunt, fessi rerum, frugesque receptas
Et torrens parant flammis, & frangere saxo.*

(h) *Æneas scopulum interea conscendit, & omnem
Prospexit late pelago petis.*

(i) *tres litore cervos
Prospicit Errantes*

(k) Oh

k) Oh ho (quoth he) I'll soon be wy' ye,
 sworn I'm glad at heart to see ye.

This said, away my youth does go,
 and fetches strait a good Yew-Bow,
 his Arrows under's Belt he sticks too,
 For he could shoot at Butts and Pricks too)
 his head he put a good Steel Cap on,
 because he knew not what might happen :
 and thus as if he went to battle,
 he goes to murder poor mens Cattle.

(l) His Arrow in the fixing he nocks,
 and shoots among the harmless Flocks ;
 these prov'd by chance to be the fairest,
 but he still shot at that was nearest.

m) Seven Lordly Tups he wounded mortal,
 The other shots he made, were short all :
 these to his hungry Mates he luries,
 Pray what's his due that Mutton worries?)

n) Here lads, quoth he, here's sides & haunches,
 all to, and fill your empty paunches.

Scarce had he made an end of boasting,

o) But some to boyling fell, some roasting ;

k) *Constitit hic, Arcumque manu, celeresque sagittas,*
 l) *Ductoresque ipsos, primum capita alta ferentes*
cornibus arboreis sternit.

m) *Nec prius absistit quam septem ingentia victor*
corpora fundit humi.

n) ————— *Et socios partitur in omnes.*

o) *Pars in frustra secant, verubusque trementia figunt,*
litore abena locant alii, flammisque ministrant.

'Twas soon enough, and to't they fall,
They eat up Mutton, guts and all;
Yet scarce could satisfie their hungers;
These *Trojans* were such *Mutton-mongers*.

(p) There was by chance a *stoop* of Liqueur
Cork't up in Bottles made of Wicker,
Giv'n by my Hostess, I conceive,
When first *Aeneas* took his leave:
This drink (to make their feast the fuller)
Aeneas fetcht out of his Sculler,
And like a man had something in him,
Gave it as free as e'r'twas gi'n him:
Himself a Dish he first pour'd out,
For fear it would not go about;
Then stroaking up his whiskers greasie,
He thus begins in words most easie.

(q) Here Lads, have at ye, and be merry,
W'are got at last, safe o're the Ferry;
And though w'ave had but angry wark, yet
Let's make the best of a bad market:
To day let's drink, and hang to morrow,
A grain of mirth's worth pounds of sorrow;

(p) *Vina bonus qua deinde cadis onerarat Acestes
Littore Trinacrio, dederatque abeuntibus, Heros
Dividit, & dictis merentia pectora mulcet.*

(q) *O socii (neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum)
Opassi graviora, Dabit Deus his quoque finem:
Vos & Scyllæam rabiem, penitusque sonantes
Acestis scopulos; vos & Cyclopea saxa
Expertii*

(r) Be

(r) Be blith and jolly then, as may be,
Faint heart, you know, ne'r won fair Lady :
What though a while we fare but hardly,
Yet in the end does our reward lie :
We shall have Houses, Lands, and Doxies,
With dainty patches, where no Pox is :
And then all this, that seems t'undo us,
Will be but sport and pastime to us.

(s) Thus did this subtle Fornicator
Set a good Face on a bad matter ;
As who would make 'um understand
How pretty a fellow he was on's hand ;
When I (for all's brave n'alls) must tell ye,
His heart then panted in his Belly,

(t) Down glides his Ale over his pallat,
As glib as't had been Oyl of Sallet ;
And all the rest in their due order
Quafft till their Drink would go no further.

(u) Now having spent their drink and vittles,
They rise, and wipe their greasie Thwittles,

———(r) *Revocate animos, mæstumque timorem
Mittite ; forsan & hac olim meminisse juvabit.
Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata quietas
Ostendunt.*

(s) *Talia voce refert, curisque ingentibus ager,
Spem vultu simulat ; premit altum corde dolorem.*

(t) *Implentur veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ferina.*

(u) *Postquam exempta fames epulis, mensaque remota,
Amissos longo socios sermone requirunt.*

And stroaking them began to mind 'um
 Of those were left at Sea behind 'um :
 With that *Aeneas* made a motion
 To climb the Hills, and look on th' Ocean,
 If from the Cliffs, and Promontories,
 They might espie their fellow Tories ;
 At that they went, some this, some that way,
 Some went not far, and some a great way ;
 Some whoopt, some hollow'd, and some shouted,
 (x) Some thought 'um safe, and others doubted ;
 Some laid their ears to ground in cunning,
 To list if they could hear 'um coming ;
 But all in vain, for none could spye 'um,
 They fear'd their friends, when none was nie
 At last by General Approbation, ('um.
 They lay'd 'um down, as was the fashion,
 And slept, being tyr'd with pains and feasting ;
 When Belly's full, Bones would be resting.

A sleep they lie snorting and snoring,
 With such a noise as made the shore ring,
 Or such a din as Dogs do utter,
 When they by night together clutter ;
 Snarling and swearing in lewd fashion,
 For Bitch of evil Conversation :
 (y) When *Jove*, who was belike at leisure,
 (Walking, or for his health, or pleasure)

(x) *Spemque metumque inter dubii, seu vivere credant,
 Sive extrema pati ;*

(y) *cum Jupiter aethere summo
 Despicens mare velivolum terrasque jacentes,
 Littoraque*

Look-

Looking about on ev'ry side him,
 (a) O' h' *Lybian* Coasts at last espy'd them,
 And said in merry kind of Japing,
 Indeed Sirs, have I ta'ne you napping?
 Scarce had he spoke, when all 'oth' sudden,
 Whilest he was on the *Trojans* stud'ing;
 Who should come there to do her duty,
 But *Venus* that was Queen of Beauty!

* This *Venus* without counterfeiting,
 Was a fine Lads on's own begetting,
 Thou ne'r f' w't prettier in thy life,
 Although he had her not by's Wife,
 But by a Fish-wench he was kind to,
 And so she came in at the Window:
 Now *Venus* was *Æneas*' Mother,
 And him she had by such another
 Royster as *Jove* was, when on Groundsel,
 He and her mother met in Counsel;
 In the behalf then of her by-blow,
 Which had endured many a dry-blow,
 (a) She weeping came, sighing and throbbing,
 And hardly could she speak for sobbing:
 Until at last, with a fine Linning
 Wrought round with blew, of her own spinning
 Wiping her face with tears and snivel,
 She thus began in words most civil.

* See *Servius* upon
Virgil.

— (z) & *Lybiæ defixis lumina Regnis*.
 (a) *Atque illum tales jactantem pectore curas*
Tristior, & lacrymis oculos suffusa nirentes
Alloquitur Venus.

(b) O.

(b) O thou, of Gods, and men, the King,
That canst do any kind of thing;
That past their wits dost Mortals frighten,
When thou or thunder do'st, or lighten:
What could *Æneas* do to thee?

Who car'st a fart for no body;

(c) Or the poor *Trojans*, what have they done,
That thus they still must Fools be made on,
And that thou wilt for no persuasions
Let them go follow their occasions?

(d) I'm sure you promis'd me, and swore it,
(Ev'n let who can forgive you for it)
That you would make 'um, This, and That,
Kings, Captains, and I know not what;
And that out of your Bounteous Givings,
They should have all both Lands and Livings,
And all live well in *Italy*:

But I perceive 'twas all a lye.

(e) *Jove* (stroaking up his great Mustachoes)
Smil'd for to see her so out-ragious,
(For had she broke a Pot, or Platter,
He could not well be angry at her,

—— (b) *O qui res hominumque Deumque
Æternis regis Imperiis, & fulmine terras;*

(c) *Quid Troes porrigere? quibus tot funera passis
Cunctus ob Italiam terrarum clauditur Orbis?*

(d) *Certe hinc Romanos olim, volventibus annis,
Hinc fore duces, revocato à sanguine Teucris,
Qui mare qui terras omni ditiori tenerent,
Pollicitus. Quæ te Genitor sententia verit?*

(e) *Olli subridens hominum sator atque Deorum,*

He

He lov'd her so, and 'tis so common,
 Either in Man, or else in Woman;
 Their Bastards they will clip and kiss ye,
 More dearly then their lawful Issue.

(f) *Jove* looking then most sweetly at her,
 (For she had made his Mouth to water)
 Took *Venus* by the Chin, and gave her
 A Kiss of no unwelcome favour.

(g) My pretty Wench (quoth he) I prethee,
 Let's have no more such puling with thee:
 All shall be well enough, ne'r fear it;
 And by my Beard once more I swear it,
 Thy Son *Æneas*, thou dost doubt so,
 Which makes thee whimper, cry, and pout so,
 Shall be a King, or Prince at least;
 I speak in earnest, not in jest.
 With that he whistled out most mainly,
 You might have heard his Fift as plainly
 From one side of the Skie to th' other,
 As you and I hear one another.
 Thrice whistled he, when by and by,
 Out came his Foot-boy *Mercury*,
 And askt him without more ado,
 What 'twas he whistled or, and who?

(f) *Vultu quo Cælum, Tempestatesque serenat,
 Oscula libavit Gnata; dehinc talia satur.*

(g) *Parce metu Cytherea; manent immota tuorum
 Fata tibi. Cernes urbem, & promissa Lavini
 Mœnia, sublimemque feres ad sidera cœli
 Magnanimum Æneam,*

This

This *Mere'ry* you must understand Sir,
Had formerly been a Rope-Dancer :

A nimble Rascal, and a Dapper,
Full deftly could he cut a Caper,

* See * Dance, run, and leap, frisk and curvet,
Plant. in Tumble, and do the *Sommerfet* ;
Amphytr. And fly with Artificial Wings

Ty'd to his head and heels with strings :
'Twas he first taught to fly i'th' Air,

As we have seen at *Bartle-Fair* ;
A nimble witty Knave, I warrant,

And one that well could say his Errant ;
An exc'lent servant (in plain dealing)

But that he was enclin'd to stealing.

(h) Sirrah (quoth *Jove*) go take your Pumps,
And haste to *Carthage*, stir your stumps ;

And as thou art a cunning Prater,
Play me the fine Insinuator :

Dido and all her *Carthaginians*

Possess throughout with kind opinions

Of the poor *Trojans*, lest Queen *Dido*

Not knowing things so well as I do,

Should shew 'um all a Trick of *Pass-pass*,

And chance t'indict them for a *Trespas*.

Away he flies *sans* further speech,

As he had had a Squib in's breech ;

(h) *Hæc ait, & Maja genitum demittit ab alto,
Ut terra, utque nova pareant Carthaginis arces
Hospitio Teuctis, nè fati nescia Dido
Finibus arceret. Volat ille per æera magnum
Remigio Alarum, & Lybiæ citus afflitit oris,*

And

And suddenly without discerning

(i) Set all the *Trojans* Bowels yearning.

Dido for her part swore a *Trojan*

Should do the Feat for her, or no man.

Mean while the *Trojans* slept at ease,

Unless sometimes bit by white Fleas,

Their soft repose in quiet taking,

(k) Only *Æneas* he was waking,

Who whilest the night was dark and ore-cast,

Like one that had an ex'lent fore-cast,

Lay thinking now his Gutts grew limber,

How they might get more *Belly-timber* :

No sooner the Light first came creeping,

But that he cry'd, Ah Fool ! art peeping ?

And up he starts to go a stealing,

Either a Mutt'ning or a Vealing ;

And yet he thought being a stranger,

To go alone might be some danger ;

(l) Therefore he deem'd it not amiss

To call a Trusty Friend of his ;

And that he might go on the bolder,

He laid a Two-hand bat on's shoulder.

Thus going then abroad for food,

(m) He meets his Mother in a Wood ;

————— (i) *Ponuntque ferocia Pœni*
Corda, volente Deo ; imprimis Regina quietum
Accipis in Teucros animum mentemque benignam.

(k) *At pium Æneas, per noctem plurima volvens,*
Ut primum lux alma data est, —————

————— (l) *Ipse uno graditur comitatus Achate*
Bina manu lato crispans bastilia ferro.

(m) *Cui mater mediâ sese tulit obvia sylva,*
Virginis os habitumque gerens

So smug she was, and so array'd,
 He took his Mother for a Maid :
 A great mistake in her, whose Bum
 So oft had been god *Mars* his Drum ;
 Full oft when *Smugg* was blowing Bellows,
 Would she be trucking with good Fellows ;
 And let her self be chuckt as tamely,
 As if therein there did no blame lye,
 By *Mars*, and many a one beside,
 Or else she foully is bely'd.

(n) Well met (young man) quoth *Venus* kindly,
 As you came through the Woods behind ye,
 Pray did you not, for all your haste, note
 A Lais in Petti-coat and Wast-coat ;
 With such a Pelt as mine thrown o're her,
 Driving a Sow and Pigs before her ?

(o) No truly, (quoth *Æneas* mild)
 I saw nor Man, Woman or Child ;
 Yet, though I say't, had I been nigh her,
 I could as soon as others spie her :
 But who art thou that speak'st so thrill,
 As if thy words came through a Quill ?
 Thou art of gentle Kindred surely,
 Thou look'st and spekaest so demurely :

(n) *Hæus, inquit, juvenes, monstrate mearum
 Vidisti siquam hic errantem sorte sororum,
 Succinctam pharetrâ, & maculosa tegmine lyncis,
 Aut spumantis apti cursum clamore prementem ?*

(o) *Veneris contra sic filius orsus :
 Nulla tuarum audita mihi, neque visa sororum.
 O quàm te memorem virgo ? namque haud tibi vultus
 Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat : ô dea certè.*

(p) Therefore

p) Therefore good Mistress or good Lady,
 I do beseech you, if it may be,
 To put us out of fear of Dangers,
 (q) Tell's where we are, for we are strangers.
 (r) *Venus*, at that, wrigling and mumping,
 Cries, Pray young man, leave off your frumping,
 For until now I've met with no man,
 E'r took me for a Gentlewoman :
 She that I ask for is my Sister ;
 I wonder how the Pox you mist her !
 We were this morning sent in haste
 To fetch a Sow that lies at Mast.
 (s) Yond Town was built by one *Agenor* ;
 The Land's so good it needs no *Meanor* :
 (t) One *Dido* now is Queen on't, who
 Run hither a good while ago :
 She is a Queen of gentle bearing.
 Whose story will be worth the hearing :
 (u) But should I tell it all out-right,
 I think 'twould last a Winters night.
 (x) Therefore in short, This same Queen *Dido*,
 Who now, alas, is left a Widow !
 Had one *Sichæus* to her *Honey*,
 A wealthy man in Land and Money :

(p) *An Phœbi soror, an Nympharum sanguinis una !*

—— (q) *quo sub cœlo tandem, quibus orbis in oris*
factemur doceas ——

(r) *Tum Venus : Haud equidem tali me dignor honore*

(s) *Punica regna vides, Tyrios & Agenoris urbem,*

(t) *Imperium Dido Tyria regit urbe profecta.*

—— (u) *longa est injuria, longa*
Ambages, sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.

(x) *Huic Conjux Sichæus erat, ditissimus agri.*

(y) Whom

(e) Or shall I raise the Town in swarms,
And bring him back by force of Arms !

Alas, I fear it is no boot !

Foul means will never bring him to't,

(f) No, no, I'll die ! this Halter yet,
When all trades fail, shall do the feat.

(g) Ah, Sister, sister ! hadst not thou
Play'd Mistress *Quicklies* Office so,
And sooth'd me up till I grew jolly,
I never had committed folly :

No, had I made the least resistance,
And kept the saucie Knave at distance,
I might have us'd him as my list,
And ne'r been brought to had I wist.

(h) Thus lay the wretched Queen debating,
Nan, Fortune, and her Lover rating.

(i) Whilst he Drum-ful with his Potation,
Ne'r dreaming on the doleful passion
He had most vilely left his drab in,
Lay drunk and snoring in his Cabbin.

(e) *An Tyrin omniq[ue] manu stipata meorum
Insequar ?* —————

(f) *Quin morere, aut merita es : ferroq[ue] averte dolorem.*
————— (g) *Tu prima furem*

Hu germana malis oneras, —————

(h) *Tantos illa suo rumpebat pectore quasim.*

(i) *Aeneas celsa in pappi* —————

Carpebat somnos —————

(k) But

(k) But *Merc'ry* though he slept profoundly,
 (l) Made bold to beat up's Quarters roundly,
 And thus 'gan rattle him : Thou lousie,
 Mangie, careleis, drunken, drowlie
 Coxcomb ; how oft must I be sent
 Hither from *Jove* to complement
 Your worship to a reverent care
 Of the young Baltard here, your heir ?
 Whilest fast thou ly'lt tipled, or tipling ;
 Nor car'it what danger the poor stripling
 Lies open to. (m) Y'ad best snore on,
 Some body will be here anon :
 Take to'ther nap, Do, till the Queen come,
 She'l reckon with you for your in-come.
 She'l rowse ye faith ! And (Goodman Letcher)
 'Tis ten to one, with a good Stretcher
 About your ears : Therefore my loving
 Acquaintance, you were best be (n) moving.
 Upon my word th' advice is wholsom,
 Stay not until that angry soul come :

(k) *Huic se forma Dei* ———

Obrulis in somnis ———

Omnia Mercurio simili ———

——— (l) *rursusque ita visa monere est.*

Nate D a ———

——— (m) *potes hoc sub casu ducere somnos ?*

Nec qua circumflent te deinde pericula cernas ———

Demens ? ———

Illa dolos ——— *in pectore versat.*

(n) *Non fugis hinc praeceptum dum precipitare potestas ?*

Eia age, rumpe, moras. ———

For it thou dost mark what I say,
 And be't not gone before't be day,
 (o) If *Carthage* be'n't about your ears
 As soon as ever day appears,
 And do not thrash you back and side,
 Far worse then *Agamemnon* did,
 Those of your Woman-stealing rabble,
 Give me but six pence, if thou'rt able,
 And here's my hand, I do not sport,
 I'll give thee twenty shillings for't.
 (q) Thus having said, away he flies,
 E'r Toss-pot could unglew his eyes,
 Which were so cemented in that case,
 The Page was got as far as *Atlas*,
 Back on his way e'r he could free 'um,
 From gowl and matter fit to see him :
 But having streakt and yawn'd a while,
 Snorted, and kept the usual coil
 That Drunkards use in such like cases,
 And made some dozen Devils faces;
 At last he got his eyes unglew'd
 Into a pretty magnitude.
 He stat'd about to spie the Vision
 Had giv'n that courteous admonition :
 But 'twas too dark, as well it might,
 Being 'twixt twelve and one at night ;

(o) *Tum mare tu hinc trahitur savasque videbis
 Collucere facies &c.*

Si te his attigerit terris aurora morantem.

—— (p) *Sic factus noctis se immiscuit atra.*

That

That had the nimble Currier
 In kindness staid his leisure there,
 Though clad in *Fallstaff's Kendal-Green*,
 He could not possibly be seen.

(q) *Aeneas* troubled herewithal,
 Seeing he could not see at all,
 Starts from the tilt where he had lain,
 And calls upon his Mates amain.

(r) Rise Sirs (quoth he) and look about ye,
 (s) I've had from *Jove* another how d'ye,
 His man was here, and calls to go still,
 His sweaty pumps are in my nose still.
 He swears and offer'd to lay odds on't,
 And if he say't, I'll lay my ——— on't,
 That if we do not leave the Dock,
 And get us hence by four a Clock,
 We shall be murther'd if we were
 Ten times as many as we are.
 Therefore I think it not amiss for's
 To launch, for there are rods in piss for's.
 Let us but ply our Oars like tall men,
 Till we be got clear out of all ken;
 Then if they have a mind to lace us,
 Let *Carthage* if they can come trace us.

(q) *Tum vero Aeneas subitis exterritus umbris
 Corripit è somno corpus, sociosque fatigat.*

(r) *Præcipientes vigila e viri, ———*

——— (s) *Dem athere missus ab alto,
 Festinare fugam, tortosque incidere funes
 Ecce iterum stimulat. ———*

(t) And thou (O *Jove*, top of my kin!

Who hitherto so kind hast been,

(u) If now thou stick, and do not fail's,

Let *Dido* whistle in our tails.

Thus having spoken, and thus pray'd,

(x) Forthwith he drew his doughty blade,

And at one slash, to all mens wonder,

Cut the Boats triple Cord asunder.

(y) At which the Gang spur'd by so ample,

So mighty and renown'd example,

Cut all the rest; nor staying Brooks,

But let the Devil take the books,

And shipping Oars, to work they fall,

Like men that row'd for good and all.

Had it been day, no doubt one might

Have then beheld a Gallant sight.

Neptune's great Whiskers had not been

So neatly (z) brusht as they were then

Of many a year: Crabs that did nest

Full deep therein, could take no rest:

(t) *Sequimur te sancte, decorum*

Quisquis es.

(u) *Adsis, o placidusque juves & sydera cælo*

Dextra feras!

(x) *Dixit, vaginâque eripit ensen*

Fulmineum, stridoque feris retinacula ferro.

(y) *Idem cænes simul ardor habet*

— rapiuntq; runntq;

Littora deseruere

(z) *& cœnula verrant:*

(a) They

(a) They lather'd him in the great Bason,
So admirably well, that *Jason*,
Although he shav'd the golden fleece,
Ne'r wash't him half so well as these.

(b) *Aurora* now, who I must tell ye,
Was gript with dolours in her belly,
Starts from her Couch, and o'r her head
Slipping on petticoat of red,
Forth of the morning doores she goes,
In hasty wise to pluck a Rose;
When *Dido*, who was broad awake,
Hearing the rusty hinges creak,
Ran to her (c) peeping-hole to spie,
What was become o'th' *Trojanry*.
But out alas! (d) The Devil a sail
Was left i'th' Port; bare as my nail
The Dock was stript; whilest far from shore
They row'd as they ne'r row'd before.
At which sad sight, in wrath (God bless us!)
(e) Tearing her dainty yellow Tresses,
She sighing said, Was ever seen
So pitiful an undone Queen!
And shall this filthy *Trojan* Royster
Undo, as one would do an Oyster,

(a) *Adnixi torquent spatulas*

(b) *Et jam prima novus spargebat lumine terras*
Tirboni croceum linquens Aurora cubile.

(c) *Regina è speculis ut primum albescere lucem.*

(d) *Vidit & aquarum classem procedere velis,*
Littoraq; & vacuos sensit sine remige portus.

(e) *Flavensq; abscissa comas; Proh! Jupiter! ibit*
Hic ait, & nostris illa erit acvena regnis?

Poor *Dido* thus, and run away,
 Maugre what I can do or say !
 Hey, how the treach'rous wenching Knave
 Bounces, and vaults from wave to wave,
 As he were making Ducks and Drakes,
 With Wherries upon Neptunes lakes !
 The Devil sure farts in his poop,
 And puffs his kicking Sculler up ;
 Or else some durty Suburb-drab
 Has helpt the Rascal to a clap,
 And sent a running Nag to Sea,
 He could not else make so much way.
 (f) Cannot I burn, nor sink their floats,
 A lousie Fleet of rotten Boats !
 Yes, I'm a Queen, to see my people ;
 Let none remember he's a Cripple :
 But run and row, sound, and unsound,
 And those you kill not, bring home bound !
 (g) But tarry goody Magistrate,
 Your big commands come now too late.
 Poor *Dido*, sorrow makes thee giddy,
 They'r got to Sea five Leagues already.
 (h) Queen thou art mortal, and must die
 A sacrifice to Letchery.

(f) *Non animæ expediant ? totaq, ex urbe sequentur ?*
 _____ ite ;

Verte citi flammæ, data vela, impellite remos.

(g) *Quia loquor ? aut ubi sum ? quæ mentem insania*
Infelix Dido ! _____ (mutat ?)

_____ (h) *Nunc te facta impiat angunt ;*
Tum decuit, cum sceptrâ dabas. _____

Time

Time was thou mightst have something done,
But now farewell Dominion.

(i) This was your huffing Trojan Captain,
That his fair Mothers smock was lapt in.

Of twenty Greeks, this was the Cob,
And brought his Gods away in's Phob,

And through the fire a pick a pack,

Bore the old sinner on his back,

Bed-rid *Anchises*; this was he

Made the brave Voyage o'r the Sea.

This was your trusty Trojan, this:

Now he shews what a man he is!

(k) Whilst he was here, why did I not
Cut the false Rogues devouring throat;

(l) Or of his Bastard make a Pye,

And being b k'd in paste of Rye,

(m) Make th good Trencher-man his nasty
Sire, eat his Brat for Mutton Pasty!

Why did I not, &c. this disgrace,

Kill him, and all his treacherous (n) race?

(i) *E. dex va fidesque;*

Quem secum patros aiunt portare Penates.

Quem subiisse humeris coniectum atque parentem.

(k) *Non potui abruptum avellere corpus, & undis
Spargere?*

(l) *Non in sum al sumere ferro*

Ascanium

(m) *Patriisque epularum apponere mensis?*

(n) *Natumque patremque*

Cum genere extinxem; mater super ipsa dedissem.

I then had dy'd reveng'd, where I
Shall now depart most sneakingly.

(o) Thou *Sol* who didst in pimping sort
Because thou wouldst not spoil our sport,
Creep into Clouds, that rainy weather :
And you that brought young Folks together,

(p) Procurest *Juno*, *Jove* and all

Ye members of *Olympus* Hall,

I charge ye, as y' are Folks of fashion,

Grant this my latett (q) supplication.

If nothing can this Rogue withstand,

But that he must get safe to (r) Land,

Let it be such a Land as he

Had better far upon the Sea

With all his Com-rogues have been drown'd,

Than such a wretched place have found.

May he, where he expects his Leases,

Ne'r know what such a thing as Peace is ;

(s) But be drub'd daily back and side,

Till his bones rattle in his hide.

May he ne'r sleep an hour in quiet,

But be ditturb'd with rout and riot ;

(o) *Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras ;*

(p) *Tuque harum interpret es curarum, & conscia Iuno,*
Nocturnisq; Hecate —————

Et dira ultrices, &c. —————

————— (q) *Nostras audite preces* —

————— (r) *Si tangere portus*

Infandum caput, ac terris adnare necesse est.

————— (s) *Bello audacis populi vexatus, & armis,*
Finibus extorris —————

Black be his dayes, and may his nights
 Swarm with Hob-Goblins, Ghosts, & Sprights ;
 May Strangers daunt him with Bravado's,
 (t) And Spirit's son to the *Barbado's*,
 May he at last fall worse then Sea-sick,
 And find no Quack to give him Physick :
 (u) No help for money, or for love found,
 But let him lie and rot above ground.
 May none give house-room to the Mungril ;
 But let him perish on some (x) Dunghil.
 And when his treach'rous soul's departed,
 Let his foul Carkass be deserted,
 As Traitours Quarters men expose
 To Hogs and Dogs, and Kites and Crows.
 (y) This my last pray'r is, hear it then,
 I shall ne'r trouble you again.
 And be't your care, ye *Tyrian* (z) Nation,
 To plague this wicked Generation.
 Kill 'um like Rats, that I may have
 Heaps of the Rogues pil'd o'r my grave :

—— (t) *Complexu avulsus Iulii,*
 (u) *Auxilium imploret* ———

—— (x) *Videatque suorum*
Funera ———

—— *Mediaque inhumatus arena.*

(y) *Hac precor; hanc vocem extremam—fundo.*

(z) *Tum vos o Tyrii, stirpem & genus omne futurum*
Exercete odium, cineriq; hac mittite nostro
Munera ———

(a) And

(a) And may those children that are yet
To bear, and those that are to get,
Torment them still by Land and Water,
And still may those that follow after
Hate worse and worse, that so it fall,
The last may hate them worst of all.

(b) This said, she let a groan, and sigh'd
A doleful sigh, that prophesi'd
The thread was spun, and that the *Parca*
Would shortly cut it without mercy.

(c) In mind she weigh'd, as she sat crying,
What kind of Death was best to die in.
Poyson she thought would not be quick,
And which was worse, would make her sick,
That being therefore wav'd, she thought,
That neatly cutting her own throat
Might serve to do her business for her;
But that she thought upon with horreur,
Because 't would hurt her; neither cou'd
She well endure to see her blood.
The next came in her thoughts was drowning,
That way she thought 't would be a done thing
Soon, and with some delight; for why,
Sorrow had made her Grace a dry.

————— (a) *Pugnent ipsi q; nepotes;
Exoriant aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.*

————— *Nullus amor populi, nec fœdera sunt.*

(b) *Hac ait* —————

————— (c) *Et partes animum vesabat in omnes,
Invisam querens quamprimum abruptere lucem.*

But

But then again ſhe fell a thinking,
 She ſhould be ſomewhat long a ſinking,
 Having been ever light of members;
 And to diſſwade her more, remembers,
 'Twould ſpoyl the cloaths might do ſome one
 Credit, when ſhe was dead and gone.

On theſe mature deliberations,
 Shee lik'd none of theſe dying faſhions :
 But looking up, and ſeeing the Rope
 Ty'd to the beam i'th' Chamber top,
 With neat alluring Nooſe, her ſick-Grace
 E'n long'd to wear it for a Neck-lace :
 And in that Circle in concluſion,
 She prick'd the point of reſolution.

(d) But an old Woman being by her,
 One of her Chattels brought from Tyre,
 An ancient Heir-loom to the Queen,
 'Cause ſhe her huſbands Nurſe had been :
 She meant to ſend her firſt away,
 On ſleeveleſs errand (as we ſay)
 That ſhe might have her ſwing alone,
 To do her execution.

(e) *Cicely* (quoth ſhe) go to my Siſter,
 Bid her tie up her head, and wiſh her
 To waſh her hands in Bran or Flower,
 And do you in like manner ſcoure

(d) *Tum brevis Barcen nutricem affata Sichai.*

(e) *Annam chara mihi nutritrix huc ſiſte ſororem :*

Dic corpus properet fluviali ſpargere lymphâ,

Tuque ipſa piâ tege tempora vitæ.

Your

Your dirty Golls ; for I intend to
 Make a good Cheefe, and for a friend too,
 O'th' Mornings Milk ; let it be her care
 To take the great Brass Pan i'th' Larder,
 And file the Milk into't : and hear ye,
 Take you the large Cheefe-Fat i'th' Dairy,
 And scoure it clean with Sand ; bid *Jone* too
 Get on the Pot, that she may come too,
 And when the Cheefe is come, but break it,
 And call : for I'll come help to make it.

(f) The hobling Trot limps down the Stairs,
 And now the desp'rate Queen prepares ;

(g) Although her woful heart did pantle,
 To make her self a sad example.

(h) Towards the fatal string she moves
 With tardy pace, as it behoves
 Those who by *Nicholas* led astray,
 Wilfully make themselves away.

When she came underneath the Halter,
 The colour in her face did alter,
 Whilest down her cheeks round liquor rowls,
 As if her eyes had been at Bowls.

First she beholds with trickling eyes,

(i) *Æneas* his most dear disguise :

—————(f) *Ille gradum studio celerabat anili.*

(g) *Et trepida — & pallida morte futura.*

(h) *Interea domus irrumpit limina, & alios
 Conscendit furibunda rogos —————*

—————*Paulum lacrymis & mente morata.*

(i) *Hic postquam Iliacas vestes, notumq; cubile
 Conspexit, —————*

And

And as the Trowfes she survey'd,
 Reflecting how she'ad been betray'd :
 Sighing, cry'd out, (k) Oh ! thou who wert
 The joy and comfort of my heart,
 Whilst casket to my dearest Jewel ;
 But since the Fates have been so cruel,
 My grief and shame, farewell for ever ;
 And here I prophesie that never,
 Whoever may hereafter wear thee,
 Shall mortal *Bilbo* e'r come near thee.
 Farewel, my latest leave I take,
 And kiss the Case for Ho-boys sake.

Thus having said, she mounts the Table,
 Because though tall, she was not able
 To reach the Halter, that must tie
 Her fast to doleful destinie :
 And having, like too apt a Scholler,
 Thrust her plump neck into the collar,
 As 'tis, you know, the hanging fashion,
 She thus began her last Oration :

(l) That I have liv'd (quoth she) and how,
 I doubt (alafs !) too many know ;
 But that I now will die, is known
 To no one but my self alone :
 And if I Natures debt do pay,
 And hang my self before my day,
 The censuring World can say but this,
 That I'm the better Pay-mistress :

(k) *Dulces exuvia dum fata, Deusq; sinebant.*

Dixitque novissima verba.

(l) *VI XI, & quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi.*

And though I dye a death they say,
 Makes sufferers themselves bewray
 And die uncleanly corps; yet I
 Shall leave, although I purging die,
 And go out strong as Candle-snuff,
 A fame shall savour sweet enough.
 (m) For murther'd Spouse I've made amends yet
 As far as stealing could revenge it,
 And made *Pygmalion* that undid us,
 Pay sauce for making people Widows.
 And at my proper cost and charges,
 A Village built, which for irs largeness,
 (n) In a few years, might well have grown
 To be a pretty Market-Town,
 Had not this *Trojan Varlet* come
 T'undo what all my care had done.

Then (going to turn off) (o) But must
 I go (quoth she) and is it just,
 I die like Felon vile, or Traitor?
 Sans vengeance on this Fornicator?
 (p) And whilst the Stallion proudly stalks it,
 Must I be thus hang'd up for Hawks-meat?
 Yes die, as 'twas foretold thee long since,
 If but to trouble the Knaves conscience:

(m) *Urbem praeclaram statui, mea moenia vidi;
 Ultra virum, penae inimico à fratre recepi.*

(n) *Felix, heu nimium felix, si littora tantum
 Nunquam Dardaniæ retigissent nostra carina!*

(o) *Sed moriamur ait; sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.*

(p) *Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto
 Dardanus, & nostra secum ferat omnia mortis.*

Then

'Then 'cause she would to part the sweeter,
 A portion have of *Hopkins* metre;
 As people use at Execution,
 For the *Decorum* of conclusion,
 Being too sad to sing, she says,

Which with a grace like his that pen'd it,
 To her great comfort, being ended,
 And ceremonies now compleat,
 Proceeding to the final feat;
 Thus, thus, (quoth she) to shades of night
 I go, and thus I take my flight.

(q) With that she from the Table swong,
 And happy 'twas the Rope was strong
 Enough, in such a swing to stop her,
 Her Grace might else have broke her crupper.

(r) So have I seen in Forrest tall,
 From friendly cup the Acorn fall,
 And Bully tumble from the Tree,
 As ripe for hanging, Down fell she.
 She caper'd twice or thrice most finely;
 But th' Rope imbrac'd her neck so kindly,
 Till at the last, in mortal trance,
 She did conclude the dismal dance.

A yellow aromatick matter
 Dropt from her heels, commixt with water,

(q) *Dixerantque illam media inter talia.*

(r) *Non aliter quam si immisissuat hostibus omnis*
Carthago

Which linking through the Chamber-floor,
(s) Set all the house in sad uproar.

All at the first that they amiss thought,
Was that her grace had mist the piss-pot :
But when the stairs they had ascended,
And saw her Majesty suspended,
The servants frighted past their senses,
Tumbled o'r Buffets, Forms, and Benches,
And ran to all the near abidings,
With open cry to tell the tidings.

(t) Even like unto the dismal yowl,
When triltful Dogs at midnight howl :
Or like the Dirges that through nose
Hum out to daunt their *Pagan* Foes,
When holy Round-heads go to Battle,
With such a yell did *Carthage* rattle.

(u) At the first news poor *Nancy* skreeks,
And tearing hair, and scratching cheeks,
Ran up the stairs, and like a fell-shrow,
Made all that stopt her, feel her elbow :
Till having jostled all opposers,
And thrust some twenty on their noses ;

——— (s) *It clamor ad alta*

Atria ; concussam baccbatur fama per urbem,

(t) *Lamentu, gemituque, & fœmineo ululatu*

Tecta fremunt resonat magnis plangoribus ather :

Non aliter quam si, &c.

(u) *Audisti exanimis, trepidosq; exterrita cursu,*

Unguibus ora soror fœdans, & pectus a pugnâ,

Per medios ruit.

At last the place she set her feet on,
Where *Dido* hung to dry, or sweeten.

(x) Was it for this, ah sister, sister,
That I was sent to Gaffer *Twister*
To buy a Rope! (y) was this (quothe she)
Your fine device to couzen me!

Could none a Halter else prepare ye,
But I must be made accussary!

Why knew I not thy dire intent, as
I still thy chiefest confident was!

(z) What didst thou know, but kindly I,
Might e'n have hang'd for company?

But in thy ruine, I and all

Thy people suffer, great and small.

And in this wilful woman-slaughter,

(a) Th'ast hang'd up *Carthage* ion & daughter.

(b) But stay, methinks I am not hasty,
To close those eyes that stare so gassy.

(c) Which said, her buttocks on the boar'd
She soss'd, that all the Chamber roar'd.

(x) *Hoc illud germana fuit?* ———

——— (y) *Me fraude perebas?*

Hoc rogamus iste mihi, hoc ignes atque parabant?

——— (z) *Comitiemne sororem*

Sp. evisti moriens? eadem me ad fata vocasses:

Idem ambas ferro dolo &c. ———

(a) *Exinaxi te, meque soror, populumque, patresque*

Sidonios, urbemque tuam; date vulnera lymphis,

(b) *Abluam* ———

——— (c) *Sic fata, graam evaserat altos,*

And

And being active Lads and light,
At one jump more stood bolt upright.

(d) Thrice in her arms did *Nancy* catch her,
Thrice thumt her bosome to dispatch her.
And thrice her latest breath did roar,
In hollow sound, at postern-door.

(e) Then *Juno* who had ever been

As 'twere, sworn sister to the Queen :

Hearing the lamentable cries

That from her Village pierc'd the skies ;

Down towards *Carthage* bent her looks,

Where seeing all things off the hooks,

And *Dido* in unseemly sort

Hang dangling there, being sorry for't,

(f) And loth a Queen in hempen tackle,

Should to *Plebeians* be spectacle ;

She call'd a little Emissary,

That us'd her Embassies to carry,

One Mistress *Iris* : a main pretty

Nimble House-wife, yes, and a witty,

One that if bidden once, would do't,

And had the length of *Juno's* foot

So right, that for her parts and feature,

She was become her Mistress creature.

(d) *Semianimemq; sinu germanam amplexa fovebat*
Cum gemitu, &c. —————

Ter sese attollens —————

Ter revoluta toro est —————

(e) *Tam Juno* —————

(f) *longum miserata dolorem.*

This

This Girl was born (as Poets hint to's,)
 At a small Hamlet near *Olympus*.
 And though by birth a Dyers daughter,
 Yet had her friends full well up-brought her,
 And because *Juno* gave great Wages,
 Preferr'd her thither for a Pages.

Her *Juno* call'd away from starching,
 And big with Tears, bid her be marching,
 (g) Put on her wings, and swiftly clip it,
 To cut down *Dido* from the Gibbet.

Iris when young, had learn'd to fly
 (As youth is full of waggery)
 Of a tame Jack-daw that she had,
 And for her journeys, lately made
 Fine party-colour'd Wings to fly in,
 No worse then of her Fathers Dying;
 Who knowing that his Daughter was
 To be prefer'd to such a place,
 And what she must b' imploy'd about,
 Had spar'd no cost to set her out.

(h) At the command of Heavens Goddess,
 She ties these Wings fast to her Bodice,
 Which waving, did adorn the Skie,
 With all the fair variety
 Of Colours that the Rain-bow shows,
 When clad in her most gaudy cloths.

(g) *Irim demisit Olympo,*
Quæ luctantem animam nexosq; resolveret artus.
 (h) *Ergo Iris croceis per cælum roseida pennis,*
Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores,
Devolat

Full swift the flew, and coming near
 Carthage, she made a Cancellier,
 And then a stoop, when having spy'd
 Queen Dido's window staring wide,
 (Set open you may well presume,
 (As there was cause) to air the room,)
 She nimble, to all Folks amazement,
 Whips, like a Swallow through the Casement.

(i) O'r Dido's head she took her stand,
 And cry'd, whilst flourishing a brand,
 Sent down from Juno Queen come I,
 Epilogue to this Tragedy
 And thus, O Dido, let thee loose,
 From twitch or suffocating noose,
 (k) Which laid, and tossing high her Blade
 With great dexterity, the Maid,
 (l) O wonderful even at one side-blow
 Spoil'd a good Rope, and down dropt Dido.

(i) *Et supra caput assisit. Hunc ego Didi
 Sacrum iussa sacro, teque ista corpore solvo.*

(k) *Sic ait —*
 (l) *Et dextra crinem secat: omnis ex una
 Dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vita recessit.*



FINIS.

